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“A GARNERED
AUTUMN SHEAF”

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By ERNESTINE L. R. COLLINS



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FOREWORD

I've collected and culled my rhymes
And garnered them into a sheaf—
The echoes of pastimes brief—
Stored away in rhythmical chimes.

They to others will be of less worth
Than to those who are dearest to me—
My friends and posterity—
When I shall have passed from the earth.

No heights nor depths are revealed
In my verse, nor knowledge abstruse,
But of things near at hand I've made use,
Things which to my fancy appealed.

I have never above the clouds soared,
Or hobnobbed with Venus and Mars.
Or tried to outsparkle the stars,
Nor the heart of the sun explored.

I have walked in the valleys of thought
And plucked the stray blossoms that grew,
While leisurely wandering through:
These into my sheaf I have wrought.

And if they their purpose attain—
 To amuse, perchance, for awhile,
 And the reader from ennui beguile—
My efforts have not been in vain.

ERNESTINE L. R. COLLINS,
 Clinton, Mo.

“A GARNERED AUTUMN SHEAF”

THE KATYDID

When night's invisible choir comes out;
Each singing his favorite strain,
The katydid puts all the rest to rout
With his peevish, incessant refrain.
“Katy did—Katy didn't—she did”—says he
Just as plain as words can be.

Oh, the Katydid is a saucy wight
And he wears a coat of green,
His stridulous notes are heard all night
From beneath his leafy screen.
“Katy did—Katy didn't—she did”—says he
From his perch in the maple tree.

All day he sits in his quiet nook
With never a word to say,
But at night, from his perch where none can
look,
He scolds and chatters away.
“Katy did—Katy didn't—she did”—says he
High up in the maple tree.

No wonder his voice is harsh and coarse
And sounds like the rasping of saws,
For he carps all night until he is hoarse,
With never a moment's pause.
"Katy did—Katy didn't—she did—she did"—
He pipes 'neath the green leaves hid.

Who Katy is or what she has done,
Or whether she didn't or did,
Could never be learned by anyone
From this caviling katydid.
"Katy did—Katy didn't—she did"—says he
From his perch in the maple tree.

I can tell you a secret about katydid,
For I've learned some curious things,
About how katydid's voice is made—
They say it is made with his wings.
And that's why his voice never tires when he
sings,
For he says Katy did with the click of his wings.

FAIRY SONG

Two little fairy sprites
In a shell asleep,
Rocked by the zephyrs light
Sailing o'er the deep.
In their tiny fairy boat
Made of rainbow hues
Sweetly dreaming as they float
On their aerial cruise.

Over them the moonbeams pale
Shed a mellow light,
Guiding their bark so frail
Through the stilly night.
Whither now, O whither roam
In your silvery shell?
Surely Ye must hither come
From some Fairy-dell.

Where so lightly dance the fays
Among the flowers fair,
Underneath the moon's soft rays
To music quaint and rare,
Made by harps æolian
With strings of finest hair
By the tiniest spider spun,
And fanned by softest air.

And the trumpet-flower's sweet notes,
Blown by elfin sprites,
Till the merry echo floats
Along the distant heights.
And chimes of lily-bells at morn
Ring their joyous peals,
Blent with elfin harp and horn,
A mystic music yields.

IN MEMORIAM

He came to us in winter time
When ev'rything was chill and drear,
Like a golden ray of sunshine
Bringing with him light and cheer.

Oh, how we loved our darling babe—
A precious gift from Heaven sent,
No, not a gift, else he had stayed,
But only for a moment lent

To keep as a most sacred trust;
But why, I never could explain
That when we'd learned to love him most
He should be taken back again.

We guarded him with tenderest care
Like the most fragile flower from birth,
Too delicate and frail to bear
The chilling atmosphere of earth.

His little life was so entwined
With mine, it seemed a very part,
Though gone from earth, nor death, nor time,
Can ever take him from my heart.

Yes, gone—as all must some time go!

 Why do I grieve when all is vain?
I cannot tell, I only know

 I should not wish him back again

To share the ills in life's unrest

 Which all must soon or later know—
I try to feel 'tis for the best,
 But oh, I can't—I loved him so.

The music of his voice—so sweet—

 In baby tones to us so dear,
The soft tread of his tiny feet
 Seem ever echoing on my ear.

The little shoe with broken string,

 The picture books he loved so well,
The fondest recollections bring,
 For each a story has to tell.

His little crib, how oft I seek,

 And little playthings laid away,
In silent eloquence they speak
 A meaning more than words can say.

No plans for future life we had

 But he was foremost in each thought,
But now alas! a change most sad
 Thy hand, O destiny, hath wrought.

And though we try to reconcile
Ourselves unto thy stern decree,
The heart is yearning all the while
His baby form once more to see.

Ah, well, we know that he has gone
Unto a brighter, happier home,
Where sing bright birds of sweetest song,
And flowers in fadeless beauty bloom.

And when we've done with earthly care,
And reach the mystic river side,
Our darling boy will meet us there
And o'er it safe our bark will guide.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Oh, the happy days of childhood
In the meadows or the wildwood!
In the meadows decked with flowers
Passing many golden hours.
Romping in their childish glee
Chasing butterfly or bee,
Or by winding brooklet straying
In its crystal waters playing.
Wading in with feet all bare
Hunting pebbles quaint and rare.
Floating tiny boat or ark
Made of bits of chip or bark,
Thinking naught of time or place,
With the streamlet keeping pace
Following their fairy craft,
Which the breezes gently waft,
Onward through some sunny glade,
Skirted by the greenwood shade.
Finding here a cool retreat
Sink upon some mossy seat
And rest awhile their tired feet.

Oh, the golden days of childhood
By the streamlet in the wildwood!
Careless, happy, light, and free
Sitting 'neath a spreading tree,
List'ning to some sylvan tale

Whispered by the gentle gale—
Whispered by the gale so softly
Murm'ring through the treetops lofty,
Down through branches swaying, swinging,
Tales of joy to childhood bringing:
Of little nests on branches high
That none who pass may chance to spy
The little eggs that in them lie.
And of birds that watch them carefully.
Guard and watch them all day long
And trill the while their joyous song.
Tells how sunshine and the showers
Deck the woods with grass and flowers—
Anemones and violets blue
With golden butter-cups of dew.

Thus like butterflies so gay
Pass our childhood hours away,
Never have they care or sorrow
But will fade with coming morrow.
Sleep to youth is more than wealth
Bringing peace and rosy health,
Which they will find when they are old
Cannot be bought with precious gold.
The rose of health and sparkling eye
The gold of Ophir cannot buy.

Then let us not begrudge them pleasure
But fill their cups with heaping measure.

All too soon will youth forsake them;
All too soon will care o'ertake them,
As adown life's stream they float
Like their fairy pleasure boat,
Left to drift upon the tide
Onward to the ocean wide.
For as the streamlet to the sea
Is childlife to the yet-to-be.
But ay! though childhood's happy hours
Are transient as the summer flowers,
Who does not feel the painful truth
That sweetest joys have passed with youth?

AN APRIL SONG

Glad April's come with dewy eyes
That smile through sparkling tears,
And bluer are the bending skies,
And greener earth appears.

Capricious month, with promise rife
Of sunnier days to come,
All nature quickens with new life,
And bursts each bud in bloom.

Yet, fickle youth, we love thy face
With all its varying moods:
When sun and shade each other chase
Across the fields and woods.

I love to watch the white clouds fleet,
And sudden dashing showers;
It makes the balmy air so sweet
With breath of new-born flowers.

The crocus peeps from 'neath the snow
And opes its lily-cup,
To catch the sunshine's golden glow
That brings the warm sap up.

And sweet, wild flowers of every hue
Are springing everywhere.
They bask in sunshine, drink the dew,
And breathe the soft warm air.

The violet with nod, and bend,
And rim of azure blue,
In rainbow harmony doth blend
With softest yellow hue.

The flower that poets love so well,
Emblem of purity
And truth, which oft together dwell
In lone obscurity.

E'en Shakespeare who of mighty kings
And deeds of statecraft wrote
Scorns not the violet, but sings
Its praise in sweetest note.

The dandelions, with saucy air,
The lawns and yards run o'er,
And by the dusty highways stare,
Or peep in our very door.

Fair flowers, sweet messengers of spring,
We hail ye with delight,
And give ye a glad welcoming
For making earth so bright.

For it would be a gloomy place
Should ye not lend your smile
That beams upon each cheering face
Which coyly peeps the while

From leafy nook or tangled maze,
Or in the sun's broad glare,
Or bending o'er the brook to gaze,
Upon thy image fair.

In climes where winters linger long,
Spring-beauties quickly follow
Retreating snows, ere scarcely gone
From sheltered nook and hollow.

I've sought them on the rugged steps
Where they were wont to grow,
And clambered o'er the banks where sweeps
The river far below.

These trophies of the early Spring
Were held by me most dear,
As nature's sweet peace-offering,—
The firstlings of the year.

Whose breath ascends like incense sweet
From altars verdure-clad,
While scattering beauty at our feet
And making all earth glad.

For when are decked the fields and woods
In colors bright and gay,
The birds pour forth, in perfect floods,
The joy they cannot stay.

As if in gratitude and praise
To Him who rules o'er all,
Who gives the valley-lily grace
And notes the sparrow's fall.

Then for these beauties manifold,
May we as grateful prove,
And in God's handiworks behold
His wisdom, power, and love.

For lo! in every blade of grass,
Or in each tiny flower,
Or summer breeze, or wintry blast,
We recognize His power.

COSMIC ENERGY

What is the power that drives man on—
An inner force he must obey—
Which prods him onward day by day
Until the longed-for goal is won?

An energy that stirs within
That makes one feel that he has shirked
His duty if he has not worked,
Which doing will contentment win.

'Tis not ambition's vain desire
For glory, worldly power, or fame,
And sometimes has no special aim
Except to urge to something higher.

May it not be creative power
Innate in man—a divine spark—
Like to a seed sown in the dark
That pushes to the light to flower?

And if he will but hearken to
This cosmic urge which all possess
In some degree, greater or less,
Naught seems too great for man to do.

All things in nature's vast domain
Unlock their secrets to his will,
Guided by scientific skill,
Ever his goal he will attain.

He voyages beneath the sea
Or through the air to heights unknown,
In regions where no bird has flown,
And where no rivalry has he.

The highest mountain peaks he scales
As if to read the starry lore
Over which men nightly pore
Before the sun their glory pales.

The polar lure which men, obsessed,
But whom the ice king long defied,
Has finally been gratified,
For he has yielded to their quest.

This energy which dwells in man
Is the same force which worlds creates,
Developing to higher states
Through cosmic evolution's plan.

Lines Written for Shakespeare's Birthday. Read at the annual banquet of the Clinton Shakespeare Class, April 23d, 1890.

Another year has swiftly passed away
 Bringing another anniversary day.
 And once again with cheerful hearts we meet,
 Again our friends with kindly welcome greet.
 Well pleased to share with them for what 'tis worth
 Our celebration of the great bard's birth.
 Inscribed in evergreens, behold his name—
 A fitting type of his undying fame
 Which time has not with its accustomed rigor
 Had power to blight, but lent immortal vigor.
 A fame which burns and glows with steady blaze,
 And sends athwart two continents its rays.
 Peerless he reigns, the brightest star that shines
 Within the galaxy of the world's great minds.

Howe'er, in me 'twould be presumption bold
 To eulogize a name whose virtues told
 So oft has rendered it a household word
 Where'er the English language may be heard.
 Yet we who've dabbled at his fountain's brink
 And of its priceless waters joyed to drink,
 Our grateful tribute of respect would pay
 And hail with pleasure this, his natal day.
 May it ever be a day of joy and mirth
 And none forget the "gentle Shakespeare's" birth.
 And may his name be heard on every tongue,

By coming bards his praises ever sung;
For bard, historian, and sage divine,
Essayist and orator, and, in fine,
The keenest wits and wisest sages
Have borrowed inspiration from his pages.
Or, to use a figure which all well know,
Have lighted their taper at his candle's glow.

Then all before his mighty genius bow
And bind the laurel leaf upon his brow.
Again we hail his natal-day with joy,
And yield to merriment without alloy.
Again, kind friends, with hearty acclamation
We welcome you to our celebration.

ROSES AND DIMPLES

Whence came the dimples and the rose
In baby's cheek? The story goes:
An angel passing by one day
Beheld a child that sleeping lay
In a shady nook—a lovely sight;
He paused a moment in his flight—
“Behold! what a lovely child is here!
It has been stol'n from Heaven I fear.”

Thus spoke the angel drawing near.
As if the truth he wished to prove
If 'twere of earth or heaven above,
He kissed its cheeks like lilies fair,
And left the bloom of roses there.

Then touched them with his finger tips
Just at the corner of its lips.
From where he then his hand withdrew,
Two little dimples quickly grew.
Angel dimples, baby's ruse
To coax us when it smiles or coos.

The angel then no longer whiled,
He recognized a mortal child.
Viewing his work with keen delight
He quick resumed his onward flight.
That's how comes the rosy hue
In baby's cheek, and dimples, too.

THE MOON FLOWER AND FOUR-O'CLOCK

The modest moon flower shrinks and pales
 Before the day king's burning kiss,
But to the queen of night unveils
 Her charms in all their loveliness.

But not so meek the four-o'clock,
 Coquettish little miss,
Who dons her most bewitching frock
And sallies forth at four o'clock
 To greet the sun's warm kiss.

And basks within his waning light,
 Until he says farewell
When he retires to rest at night,
 Then, reigns as evening belle.

OLD FASHIONED FLOWERS

I love the dear old fashioned flowers
That in my youth I knew,
That all along the garden walks
And in the front yard grew.

Where little mounds of moss rose stood
Whose blossoms, white and red,
With feathery foliage rank and green
O'er all their surface spread.

Among the prettiest flowers that grew
Dianthus pinks were our delight.
Their petals red in varying hue
Tipped with picot edge of white.

And ragged-robbins of every hue
With bleeding-heart, and cockscomb red,
And marigolds, and asters grew
In the old time flower bed.

A dainty flower in shim'ring white
Was lady-in-the-green
Who, shrinking timidly from sight,
Peeped through a lacy screen.

A homely flower with sober face
As old-maids-wreath was known;
Though stiff and awkward, held its place
Among the flowers then grown.

Along with mourning-widows, grave
Gowned in velvet black as night—
Contrasting with the touch-me-not,
Or lady's slipper pink and white.

How graceful was the cypress vine
That to a trellis clung
Its foliage delicate and fine
With scarlet bells o'erhung.

The soft winds through the poppies blew
Fanning their drowsy odors 'round
And toying with their fragile leaves
Scattered them o'er the ground.

Morning-glories in brilliant mass,
As lovely as a dream,
No other flower can surpass
In wealth of color scheme.

But like the moon flower, hides its face
As if in very scorn
Of the rude day god's ardent gaze,
And blossoms with the morn.

They clambered o'er the windows, where
In wanton joy they swung,
And out upon the morning air
Their myriad blossoms flung.

And roses, still the queen of flowers,
Did everywhere abound,
Though new varieties are ours
None prettier are found.

The hollyhocks with slender stocks
Abloom from top to toe,
With sunflowers, stood like sentinels
Guarding the flowers below.

TIME'S MISSION

“O Father Time, I pray thee check thy pace,
I cannot follow thee in this mad race.
The mile-posts seem to fly away so fast
I scarce can see them while we're rushing past.
I fain would pause to take the rest I need
Whilst thou advancest with increasing speed.
When first I met thee in the long ago
I thought thy lagging steps were all too slow,
Then I besought thee to increase thy gait
To catch some bauble I could scarce await.
Thou didst refuse my summons to obey
But kept the even tenor of thy way.”

Thus I entreated Father Time, in tears,
Whose head is hoary with the rime of years.
But though I begged him but a moment stay
He heeded not but quickly sped away.
And as he hastened with me o'er life's stage
Thus spoke he with the wisdom of a sage:—

“Back in remotest ages' uncut leaves
Where memory reacheth not, nor mind conceives,
Before creation's dawn, indeed, I was,—
Coeval with the great creative cause.
And from my loins the myriad worlds have sprung
That down the centuries untold have swung

O'er trackless voids of deep abysmal space,
Whilst I with measured tread moved on apace.
I could not, if I would, pause in my course,
Onward impelled by some resistless force.
Therefore thy prayers or tears alike are vain
To move me, or my onward march restrain.

“I'm called ‘Fierce spirit of the scythe and
glass,’
For with my thrifty blade o'er all I pass:
But ever in its wake spring lovelier flowers.
My slipping sands tell off the passing hours.
I bring the seasons in continuous round,
To days, and years, and centuries, give bound.
I'm also called ‘tomb-builder’ and ‘gnawing-tooth,’
‘Remorseless grim destroyer,’ and in sooth,
I do destroy, crumble, and topple down
The grand achievements which man's efforts crown.
E'en Mother Nature with her mobile face
Owes to my hand each new more perfect grace.
With mighty spasms and internal shocks,
I rend and crush her adamantine rocks,
Level her mountains, grind her cliffs to sands,
Smoothing her features with my rugged hands.

‘My mission is perpetual change, to bring,
That higher orders, Phœnix like, may spring
From out the ashes of the mouldering past—
Each new creation higher than the last.

I work not always with a hand so rude
But slowly polish and refine the crude.
Some time it will be better understood,
I always labor for the general good.
I heal all griefs and bind the wounded heart
With Lethean balsam to remove the smart.

“In nature’s cosmic processes I find
I may seem cruel when I would be kind.
Thus, when I gently furrow brow and cheeks,
And slowly thread thy locks with silver streaks,
Make dim thine eyes, thy faltering feet to grope
And totter feebly down life’s sun-set slope,—
I do but wear thy prison bars away
That hold thee in this prison-house of clay.

“But when I’ve opened wide thy prison door
Into the boundless infinite thou’lt soar
To that mystic realm in Celestial Spheres,
Seen by the inner vision of your seers.
And I shall still forever be with thee
As thou advancest throughout eternity.
For though it has been said in days of yore
The time would come when time would be no more,
It is a paradox as one may see:
I always was—and always I will be
Chief executor of His divine will—
Progress, through change, my mission to fulfill.”

THE WILD ROSE

The sweet breathed wild rose, queenly flower,
Wears a pink flush on her face:
The flush of pride in her royal power
Which she wields with quiet grace.

Not like the stately garden rose
Whose proud majestic mien
An air of haughty grandeur shows
Unlike our prairie queen:

Who reigns with modesty o'er all
With undisputed sway;
Not circumscribed by fence or wall—
Her realm, the world's high way.

MEDITATION UPON DEATH

The time will come some day when I must go—
Must follow in the wake of all the earth
The shadow-path of death: I fear not though,
For death is but the process of rebirth.

And all must meet it at earth's journey's-end—
Some early and some later in the day—
Then why not greet it as a welcome friend
That comes, to guide us o'er the unknown way

Into the higher life, inherited
By all?—the reflex of our life below—
Such life, as by our deeds, is merited
As surely as we reap just what we sow.

What should concern us chiefly is the thought:—
How much of good have we accomplished here,
Or service to our fellowman have wrought,
Or have we softened grief or quenched a tear?

What though our sphere of usefulness be small?
Our home, perhaps, may claim our chiefest care,
If we have done it well, though that be all,
'Tis something to have done our duty there:

Our children reared—with all that this implies—
To give them watchful care by day and night,
To guard them from all harms that may arise,
And guide their footsteps in the paths of right.

Our duty done should banish every fear,
And somewhat take away the sting of pain
At parting with our friends and loved ones here
To meet them later on the spirit-plane.

Some sage has said: "Seek truth wherever found,
Whether on Christian, or on pagan ground."
An aphorism just and wise, in sooth,
For none may claim monopoly on truth.

Who seeks the truth comes nearer to the light,
Who trusts the intuition of the soul
Will never wander very far from right,
For truth will guide him to the Heavenly goal.

I like to think or dream with Tennyson
That good will be the final goal of ill.
I trust that all will share God's benison,
That evil will succumb to His good will.

Love begets love, and pity softens hate,
And mercy works more good than vengeance
can;
These three, therefore, if we but cultivate,
Will bring to earth peace and good will to man.

The longing for life's continuity

The promise of fulfillment doth imply.

There could be no desire were there no way

The hunger of the soul to satisfy.

The sluggish worm that crawls along the ground,

Falling asleep within his cercloth rolled,

In due time bursts the bonds which wrap him
'round,

And soars aloft on wings of shining gold.

So when I lay me down to quiet sleep—

The outer senses all forever stilled—

I trust to waken from my slumber deep

To find my fondest dreams are all fulfilled.

America's Reply to John McRae's
"In Flanders Fields"

Sleep on, ye brave in Flanders field,
Your blood has not in vain been shed.
It has our covenant with ye sealed;
There, too, our sons have fought and bled,
And now lie numbered with the dead,
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that we shall break our plight,
Your comrades, tho from distant lands,
Who have espoused the cause of right,
Will seize the torch dropped from your hands.

And from your couch where poppies blow,
And soft winds whisper through the grass,
We'll backward hurl the stubborn foe—
Our watchword thine, "They shall not pass."

Nor fear but we'll defeat the foe,
For right must triumph over wrong;
Then sleep in peace where poppies blow,
And larks still bravely sing their song
In Flanders fields.

A RHYME OF THE FRENCH TEAPOT

When I was young, and went to school,
The teacher showed us how our maps
Were shaped like many curious things,
To impress them on our minds, perhaps.

And I remember plainly how
We all agreed the shape of France
Was almost like a teapot formed,
It seemed, by some strange rule of chance.

The knob of the lid was at Calais,
The spout extended out to Brest,
The handle was Alsace-Lorraine,
The pot, of course, was all the rest.

Of this French teapot's sad mishaps,
The story I will now relate,
Of all its triumphs and defeats,
And final ending up to date.

About two thousand years ago
The German hordes of robber bands
Poured down across the River Rhine
And seized upon these Gallic lands.

Then Cæsar came to aid the Gauls;
 He piled the German dead in heaps
 And drove the rest across the Rhine
 Into the swampy forest deeps.

It chanced this Alsace and Lorraine—
 The handle of the French teapot—
 The Germans always coveted
 As of all France, the richest spot.

And therefore, as the years passed by,
 Between these rival states there grew
 A jealousy, and hate, and spleen,
 That kept them ever in a stew.

Through many wars that came about,
 Contending for these envied lands,
 They have been like a shuttle-cock
 Tossed back and forth between their hands.

Bismarck, the Prussian chancelor,
 Ambitious to make Prussia great,
 Two wars provoked, and conquest made;
 Increasing thus the Prussian state.

Encouraged thus, with scarce a pause,
 Napoleon Third, he bated next,
 To find some semblance of a cause,
 For "The wicked never lack pretext."

Napoleon Third, hot-headed man,
Fell in the trap as soon as laid;
Was quick defeated at Sedan,
And for his rashness dearly paid.

'Twas then, in eighteen seventy one,
The Germans seized Alsace-Lorraine,
Five billion francs indemnity,
Beside, succeeded to obtain.

And France bewailed her grievous loss,
For they had spoiled the teapot's shape.
She built a monument of grief
And draped it o'er with mourning crepe.

The Huns, this mourning did resent,
And took her sorrow for *revanche*
And thought, by way of punishment,
Another war on her they'd launch.

And so they drank unto "The Day"
When they should try the trick once more,
And take the cover off the pot
This time, and for more wealth explore.

For four long years they tried their skill,
But all their efforts failed, alack!
They could not get the cover off
And had to give the handle back.

They routed them at every point
Where "Hindy" stretched his famous line,
Nor gave them time to pause for breath
Till they had goose-stepped 'cross the Rhine.

Now France's teapot is intact,
The handle has come back to stay,
Nor need they fear the Boche again
Will try to touch the knob, Calais.

Her mourning statue France undraped,
And placed a wreath upon its head:
No more she wears the mourning crepe
Save only for her noble dead.

And though her land is scarred and torn,
France will no longer wail and pine:
With British Tommies and Yankee boys,
She now keeps "Watch Upon The Rhine."

And while in Alsace and Lorraine
Again the French flag proudly floats,
The dogs of war, the Huns unchained,
Are tearing at their masters' throats.

And "Deutschland Ueber Alles" no more
Will urge them to the battle fray;
Their dream of world dominion's o'er.—
No more they'll drink unto "The Day."

SHE AND HE

She hears the brooklet laugh and sing
 'Neath sun and shadow dimpling
Or hears it softly murmuring
 When over pebbles wimpling.
To him 'tis but a noisy brook
 Forever onward going.
Upon its face he sees no look
 But only water flowing.

The breezes whisper in her ears
 Strange tales of wood and ocean:
No voices in the breeze he hears
 But only air in motion.
The rain that fills each flower-cup
 To her is God's sweet nectar;
To him the earth it softens up
 From drouth a sure protector.

When strolling by the meadow brook,
 Soft winds through reeds a-singing,
The lingering echoes of Pan's pipe
 She fancies still a-ringing.
No vagrant music greets his ears
 Nor notes from Pan's pipe blowing,
The only music that he hears
 Is far-off cattle lowing.

She dwells upon Parnassus Height
And drinks Castalian water
And gathers wild flowers with delight
Like Ceres' lovely daughter.
Such glamourie he cannot know
But he is like the many
Who dwell below like old Pluto
She like Proserpine.

Beware of him, O maiden wise,
—If thou art Ceres' daughter—
Who looks not toward the azure skies
But down on mud and water.

DEEDS VERSUS CREEDS

Why bicker over man-made creeds
That mystify and cloud the mind?
Better are kindly words and deeds
To smooth the pathway of mankind.

HONOR AND VIRTUE

Honor, whose aim is men's regard,
No step to cause a blush would take:
While virtue is its own reward
And does what's right for right's own sake.
To further quote the sage, Voltaire,
"Honor is common, virtue, rare."

EDITH CAVELL

Not all the heroes, in battle fell
In Argonne wood, on Marne, or Somme,
None braver died than Edith Cavell,
The martyr nurse of Belgium.

Midst roar of guns, and screaming shells,
Comrades in battle rush the foe,
Buoyed up by shouts and battle yells
To victory or death they go.

Alone, against a prison wall,
Calmly she took her seat, nor spoke.
No kindly face before her stood
To give her courage and fortitude,
Only sinister faces all,
Of those who dealt the fatal stroke.

Her mission was a sacred one—
To minister with gentle hand
To victims of the ruthless Hun—
Invader of a peaceful land.

Victim herself of jealous hate
She fell, a martyr to the cause
Of justice and humanity,
The highest of God's sacred laws.

Most nobly has she earned the name
Of "Belgium's Florence Nightingale."
English alike they share like fame
And glory, which time cannot pale.

Aghast with horror, the world beheld
This crime which to the whole world cried.
It steeled the heart and nerved the hand,
With victory the world replied.

Victory over tyranny,
Victory for the weak and small,
Victory for humanity,
For justice meted out to all.

Edith Cavell, thy name will live
On history's page, that all may know
The noble service thou didst give,
Rendered alike to friend and foe,
And bards thy story will relate,
Thy heroism and thy sad fate,
And tears of sympathy will flow.

SWEET VIOLETS

Dear little violets, by soft winds fanned,
Hiding away so modest and shy,
As if to avoid the vandal hand
That would pluck ye from your native land,
The law of love ye understand
For with fragrance sweet ye reply.

O let me die when the violets bloom—
Sweet violets, violets dear,
Scatter them gently over my tomb
Scattering away all grief and gloom
For think me not in the narrow room,
Though I may be lingering near.

O bury me where the violets grow—
Sweet violets, so full of grace,
So early and so late to blow
Sometimes covered by winter snow
Waiting for it to melt and go
Ere they peep from their hiding place.

O plant sweet violets on my grave—
Sweet violets, violets dear,
Where their blossoms may nod and wave
Tho' rains may fall, and storms may rave;
Kind nature will her darlings save
To lend to the earth their cheer.

PREFACE TO TRANSLATIONS

I am indebted to the French and German poets for the larger part of my book.

The work of rendering their poems into English has been so fascinating to me that it has left less time for original work, by which circumstances the reader may probably benefit.

When I made my translations of these poems I had no intention of publishing them, but because of the beauty and excellence of thought contained in them, I have decided to publish them in order to share them with others from whom they might otherwise remain locked up in a foreign tongue. I trust they have not suffered so great a loss in the translation but that they may be read with interest and pleasure.

As they are mostly from the classics, there are presumably other English versions with some of which mine may compare unfavorably. Nevertheless I have decided to let the readers judge for themselves as to their merits.

I would call special attention to the "Songs of Ossian" because of the curious fact that, having been first translated into English from an alleged Gaelic text which is no longer extant, if it ever existed, there can be no English version except it come through some one of the foreign languages

into which McPherson's text was translated. It will be seen, therefore, that any English versions that may exist must necessarily differ widely from each other, as also from McPherson's English text.

These songs of Ossian are but fragments of a long epic poem, "Fingal," purporting to have been written by Ossian, a Gaelic bard of the third century.

I hope the reader will pardon the seeming presumption on my part if I give a brief account of McPherson's "originals" and the controversy which followed their translations into English: which facts are doubtless familiar to literary critics, but may not be so generally known to the lay reader.

McPherson, a Scotchman and a good Gaelic scholar, travelled through Scotland and the Hebrides accompanied by two other Gaelic scholars, collecting old Gaelic manuscripts from among the people, also many oral recitations which he took down in Gaelic.

When his translations of them first appeared in England they were received everywhere with intense enthusiasm and were translated into nearly all the principal European languages.

The bitter controversy which soon arose over the authenticity of McPherson's "originals" is a long chapter well known to literary students.

Both sides of the controversy, which was waged for many years, were supported by the most eminent scholars of the times.

Although later investigations exonerated McPherson from the charge of literary forgery and established, for a time at least, the authenticity of Ossian and his poems, the question in dispute is likely to remain a mooted one.

The latest word that I have seen still discredits McPherson and declares Ossian to be a myth. I am inclined, however, to side with "the few people of intelligence north of the Tay, who still indulge the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sang."

Whether spurious or genuine, the lofty sentiment, wild beauty of imagery, original and pleasing similies, which abound in Goethe's version, from which I made a metrical translation, entitle them to a place in any collection of poetry.

TO A PURSE

(From the French of Emile Augier)

By darling hands wrought daintily,
Little threads of silk and gold,
Charming thyself, yet more two-fold
For the dear hand that made thee.
Then fear thou no request from me
A meagre treasure to infold.

But little gold have they who rhyme,
But should they heaps of it obtain,
Thy dainty net-work it would stain.
A fate less vulgar shall be thine
For thou shalt be the sacred shrine
Of my poor heart and brain.

Thy silken meshes tho' not gold
Perfumed sonnets shall contain—
Confidences 'tween us twain
That no other shall behold.
And within each tiny fold
Shall lie conceal'd our joy or pain.

And when old age the source shall chill,
Whence issue all our joys and woes,
And when no more with ardor glows
The soul, nor feels love's tender thrill,
I'll ope thee, little purse, here will
The treasures of my heart repose.

TO CREATE

(From the French of Paul Bourget)

Days succeed days, and weary years shall shed
Their leaves like withered roses sear and dead
Ere I shall hold within my feeble grasp
The treasures which, alone, I long to clasp,—
Fame and genius—Yet, how enraptured, quite,
Am I with letters, my supreme delight!

How thrills my heart with every word and
thought,

With so much pain or pleasure they are fraught!
How ardently I've spent my nights and days
To catch a fleeting thought or turn a phrase!

When April skies a smile of promise wear,
And perfumes sweet float on the balmy air
As soft as woman's breath, I oft retire
From all, subduing all but one desire.
Ready to die, so does it fascinate—
Rebellious words to conquer—to create!

Create! and feel the words throb on the page,
And hear them thrill with love or hiss in rage.
In them, 'twixt joys and sorrows to vibrate,
With them, like God within the universe, be able
to create.

A MARCH ROSE

(From the French of Lucian Pate)

The wind whirls and scatters about
The leaves of the spring time past:
It strews the walls and leaves broadcast
With these shiverers put to rout.

Its breath is soft and warm, howe'er,
Already the violet opes
Its tender leaves on southern slopes,
Announcing spring is near.

The wood looks bare and dead,
All grey and bare is the hill,
And the crows call loud and shrill,
Beclouding the sky o'erhead.

Meanwhile 'neath the sheltering hood
Of a trellis, a lone rose floats,
A chaffinch from a neighboring wood
Is piping his clarion notes.

'Tis the morning watch of the year
Ere the grand reveille sounds,
The frost-king, in his nightly rounds,
Takes the flowers that too soon appear.

The fickle sun a warm caress
Bestows, sometimes, at others, cold.
The snow spreads over field and wold
The soft folds of its fleecy dress.

Cricket and grasshopper repose,
Each in his quiet hiding place,
While lifting up its happy face,
Behold the Bengal rose!

Beaming away with quiet grace—
Too venturesome, I feel assured.
Poor dear! the spring hath it allured
To the frost-king's chill embrace.

TIME'S FLIGHT

(From the French of Paul Bourget)

I know a pretty spot on the high seashore,
Where the sweet-scented thyme grows wild at your
feet,
Where sea, rocks, and sky in the far distance meet,
And the soul at its ease can dreamily soar.

I took you there with me one bright day ere-
while,—
Beneath your broad hat which your charms well
displayed,
Your loose flowing locks a sweet picture made,
While the sea, so serene, like a god seemed to
smile.

Your dainty black boots pressed lightly the grass,
Your soul looked out from the depths of your eyes,
Which seeing, I felt a desire arise,
Slowly forever these sweet hours to pass.

THE SEA

(From the French of Lamartine's *Meditation XIV*)

Borne ever along toward a distant clime
In eternal night driven onward for aye,
May we not pause on the ocean of time,
 Cast anchor a single day?

The year has scarce ended its course, O Sea!
Near thy waves which she was to see again.
Behold! I sit me alone here with thee
 Where thou sawest her sit then.

Thus, didst thou groan 'neath the rocks that day,
And thus, 'gainst their bold rugged flanks didst
 beat,
And thus, the wind scattered the foaming spray
 O'er her beloved feet.

That night we voyaged alone 'twixt thy shores,
Thy dark waves reflecting the sky o'er-starred,
No sound save the rhythmic dip of the oars
 The solemn stillness marred.

Sweet music suddenly fell on my ear
From the charmèd shores reëchoed the sound.
The waves paused to listen—a voice to me dear
 Let fall these words profound:

“O Time, happy hours, suspend thy flight!
Speed not so quickly away.
Let us taste to the full the swift delight
Of this our happiest day!

“Enough poor unfortunates here below
Implore thee onward forever to speed,
Carrying with thee their sorrow and woe.
Of the happy then take no heed,”

But I ask in vain for a moment's stay
For time takes quickly its flight.
Then I cry aloud: “Not so fast, I pray!”
But Aurora dispels the night.

Let us love and enjoy the fugitive hour,
Haste and be happy then while we may.
Man has no port and time has no shore.
It flows and bears us away.

O Time, can it be that these moments of bliss
When love fills the soul with its rapture sublime
Can slip from our grasp with like speediness
As those filled with sorrow and crime?

What! must thou not leave us a single trace!
What! passed quite away—lost, forever more!
O cruel Time, dost but build to efface,
And naught to us restore?

Eternity, fathomless, dark abyss,
Where are the days thou hast swallowed from
sight!

Speak! wilt thou give back life's sweet ecstasies
That have yielded to thy might?

O Sea, sombre forest, rocks hoary with age
That time may yet spare awhile from its blight,
O Nature, preserve thou on thy ample page
Some token of this blissful night.

Be it in thy repose or thy mad unrest
Or thy laughing shores that thou keepst a trace,
O Sea, in thy pines or thy rocks' bold crest
That bend o'er thy placid face,

May it be in the wingèd zephyrs' flight,
Or the sounds that echo from shore to shore,
In the stars on the silvery brow of night
That whiten thy surface o'er.

May the rushes sighing a sweet refrain,
And the fragrant breezes murmuring low,
And all the sounds that are heard, proclaim,
"They loved in the long ago."

COLD LOVE

(From the French of P. Bilhout)

Stern winter with his mantle white
The slumb'ring earth had covered o'er,
When sitting by my fire one night
I heard a tapping at my door.
"Who's there?" "'Tis I," replied some one,
"Make room for me by the fire, please,
I'm little Cupid, Venus' son.
Let me in quick! or I shall freeze."

—"Pass on then—
Pass on then, Master Cupid, please,
To love, I've lost the art, alas!
In solitude I dwell at ease.—
Pass on then, Master Cupid, pass."

The rogue tapped louder than before
While with a piteous voice he said,
"If I'm found frozen at your door
My blood will be upon your head.
It is so little I implore"—
His voice was trembling as he spoke.
A blast of wind that shook the door
The ice upon my hard heart broke.

—“Come in then—

Come in then, Master Cupid, please,
You may for just a moment stay.
Warm yourself quick, and take your leave.
Come in then, Master Cupid, pray.”

The rascal near the fire sped
With the greatest freedom in the world,
And saucily looked up and said,
“See my blue eyes and gold locks curled?”
Thus was installed within my heart
That love which me the rude winds bore,
For he’s forgotten to depart
And I forgot to ope my door.

—“Remain then—

Remain then, Master Cupid, do.
The winter will be long this year,
And here ’tis warm and cheery, too.
Remain then, Master Cupid, here.”

LIFE'S SECRET

(From the French of Arvers)

Life hath its secret, my heart doth conceal it.
Love o'er me hath quickly its magic spell
wrought,

But she who hath caused it, knoweth it not.
As my love is hopeless, I must not reveal it.
I shall ever be near her though all unperceived,
Ever close at her side, yet alone in my woe.
I shall thus to the end pass my time here below—
Daring nothing to ask, having nothing received.

God has made her kind and gracious to all.
She walks her own way, nor hears my heart call—
This murmur of love 'round her pathway ascend-
ing—

The stern voice of duty conscientiously heeding,
She will say, while this sonnet to her she is read-
ing,
"Who then, is this woman?" yet naught compre-
hending.

SONNET TO AN AMERICAN LADY

(From the French of Fontanry)

Beneath the mantilla in vain thou mayst hide
Thy long golden locks and delicate brow.
Of this burning clime no daughter art thou,
Thy soul, above all, here a stranger doth bide.
The proud señoritas have dark fearless eyes,
Perhaps more of fire in their sparkling glance,
While thine a glistening tear doth enhance,
And in their far depths is the blue of the skies.

In Spain are no forests like thine so grand
Here let not the breath of Afric's hot strand
The young bud wither so rosy and fair.

In this soil where love doth the soul consume,
Flower of the north, just budding in bloom,
Guard the heart's pure dew with tenderest care.

MEMORY

(From the French of Dumas, fils)

Wouldst overtake me? Knowest thou who am I?
I am the swift gazelle:
I weary the wind whose speed I excell
When pressed by the Arab o'er the desert I fly.

But I'm swifter than thou or aught else in the
world.

I'm lightning, and clouds I rend:
I crumble the mountains, make blind, and death
send,
Yes. I surpass all for by God I am hurled.

Ah well, I deceived thee: I'm the loftiest tree
Upon a mountain so high
That solitude only as companion have I:
No bird e'en is able to soar up to me.

What matters! I go where a bird cannot fly,
I am the snow, soft and white.
I can, spite of thee: on thy branches alight.
From below I come not, but from regions on high.

Knowest thou once for all, I'm the heart grown old
Where flowers no longer may bloom.
I'm the dark night to which dawn will ne'er come,
And no more for me does the dim future hold.

Therefore, from the future I come not to thee.

For that gentle thought am I

That the hardest of thoughts can never put by.

Then open to me, for I'm sweet memory.

CANTICLE

(From the French of Racine)

My God, what strife in me doth rage!
Two adverse natures dwell in me.
One would, being full of love for Thee,
That I to Thee my heart engage.
The other 'gainst Thee war doth wage,
And teaches me disloyalty.

The one with gentleness is blest—
To Heavenly things is all inclined,
And by God's love touched and refined,
Would that I count for naught the rest.
The other with an equal zest
To earthly things inclines my mind.

At war with self, alas, what thought!
Where can I find a peaceful state?
I will, and yet, O cruel fate!
I will, but ne'er accomplish aught.
The good, I love, have never wrought,
But do the evil that I hate.

O Grace! O Ray of Light divine!
Put these two selves in harmony.
Give me the power to break gently
That stubborn will opposed to Thine.
Make me thy slave, O Father, mine,
And from death's bondage set me free.

AN EVENING REVERIE

(From the French of Paul Bourget)

The soft evening breeze murmured low through
the trees,

And the ivy vine shook o'er the pagan deities—

 Their grim marble forms half hidden from view:
It sighed through an ash and its russet leaves
 stirred.

In a sombre fir tree it sadly whispered,

 And fanned the green shoots freshly moistened
 with dew.

In the grass the frail Easter daisies reclined.

By their white collarettes they were clearly defined

 With a mingling of fawn tints and buttons of
 gold.

The speedwell opened its chalice pale blue,

And close by the garden arose in full view

 Against the grey sky a church steeple old.

On this evening in May to the old church I
 strolled.

On whose dingy walls stained and covered with
 mould,

 I saw an old fresco that was painted of yore.

'Twas a virgin's profile with eyes full of thought,

And long drooping lashes by a master hand
 wrought:

Of these eyes there remained but a shadow—
no more.

And I mused, as I listened to sweet songs of love
By invisible birds in the branches above,
Pouring forth their glad songs on the air fresh
and pure,
That this lovely profile now almost effaced
Which a genius unknown had so delicately traced,
Could not at the most but a few years endure.

And I fancied there oft, in our visions sublime,
Are sacred ideals which we painted some time
In our heart—to all real things superior.
Like this ancient fresco, they are fading away,
Irreparably so, as passes each day.
O wreckage of our cloisters interior!

O grief, to preserve thus in this sacred fane
But the brand of that which once kindled to flame!
O remorse, for having these visions survived!
Just enough cherishing as a sacred duty
O'er which we may weep their perishing beauty—
A madonna's profile to which Aves are sighed.

And the evening shades fell which night's chorus
brings,
With the beating of leaves by myriads of wings.
The more the flowers shed their sweet fragrance
around,

The more the birds sang and all life was astir
Swimming the air with hum and murmur,
And more stars shone out from their dusky
background.

And behold, what befell on that glorious spring
day!

The grief in my heart almost faded away,
When I thought,—all must die,—all revive,—
e'en the flowers,

The birds and the grass, and the leaves on each
tree;

O Spirit of nature, can it, indeed, be—
This renewal shall reach not to these hearts of
ours!

We can not know all,—life's mysterious birth,
Nor whither we go from our sojourn on earth—
Where vain hopes and fears our whole life con-
trol.

But who will dare say there is naught to hope,
then,

Beyond the horizon of mortal man's ken,
And that death is awaiting both body and soul?

Man's nature protests against death, in the ex-
treme:

All ardently sigh toward a Father Supreme,

Who will gather us to Him beyond earth's confine:
fine:

'Tis to Him that arises our thoughts most sublime:
In Him, when we're freed from ravening time,
Shall we not realize a renewal divine?

A rejuvenating of our forces long spent,
A happy awak'ning of these frescoes ancient—
The pious ideals of days long gone by?
It may be effaced, this madonna mortal,
But the rare type of beauty, which served as model
To the old Christian master, smiles at him in the
sky.

Nothing can perish of the beauty of earth.
Life's fertile springs gush eternally forth.
A perpetual spring shall the pure ever know.
How it pours forth on this balmy spring night
In floods of gay blossoms making all things de-
light!
And thousands of years have not lessened its
flow.

SPRING WITHOUT ROSES

(From the French)

The earth is aweary of winter's harsh reign.
The gard'ner laments with a voice full of gloom,
"Ah, the rude hand of winter the young spring has
slain,
And the roses will not be in bloom."

The roses will bloom not, short time was required,
In mourning to clothe the queen month of the year.
The earth in gay garments will not be attired.
No fête days will greet us with cheer.

The earth owes to May the skies' tender blue,
The spring's rosy smile, its breath's sweet perfume.
For a time the May skies may take on a dull hue
If the roses should not be in bloom.

The earth, indeed, roses to true lovers owes,
For no other flower so fragrant has proved.
'Tis the only flower worthy, when plighting of
vows,
To be offered to one's best beloved.

And I fear, ah, I feel a mysterious fate
Some fatal spell weaves that between them may
come.

In the heart in the spring will love germinate
If the roses should not be in bloom?

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA
(From the French of Leconte De Lisle)

Calm, grey, and vast, the sea doth far extend:
Without beginning 'tis and without end.
Its boundlessness the eye explores in vain;
Nor night, nor day, dwells on the wat'ry main.
No line of foam its placidness doth mar.
In heaven's dome gleams not a single star.
No sudden flash of light or slightest ray—
'Tis not the dark of night or light of day.
The sea-bird's flown, the dwellers of the deep
Upon its bosom have been rocked to sleep.
Around, above, profoundest solitude
And drowsy languidness o'er all doth brood.
But now, a white light toward the eastern skies,
Above the sea's far rim begins to rise.
And like a cloudlet in its gentle flight
From which forth issue flakes of fleecy light,
It floats, and breaks, and scatters far and wide,
And brightens all the sky on every side,—
Now whirls and falls again, a wildering maze—
And sheds o'er all a soft translucent haze:
Through which a feeble light begins to peep
And tremble on the bosom of the deep.
Now o'er the pearly skies the moon doth glide,
And darts her silvery arrows far and wide.

THE SIESTA

(From the French of Heredia)

Not a sound of insect mars the calm serene.

In the wood all are sleeping oppressed with the
heat.

A mellow light sifts through my leafy retreat

Like the shifting shadows o'er velvet moss-
green.

Down through the leafy dome the wand'ring rays
peep.

O'er my lids half closed with the languor of sleep
A thousand soft lights a rosy net-work form,

Now length'ning, now broad'ning, o'er shadows
soft and warm.

In the shimmering light which the sun's rays trail,

Swarms of gay butterflies on gauzy wings sail,
Drunk with sweet odors and dazzling sun-beams.

Then with listless fingers I grasp the bright
strands,

In their golden meshes entang'ling my hands,

Thus imprisoned, I'm borne to the land of
dreams.

OCTOBER

(From the French)

Ere winter dons her icy coat
And veils the sky with vapours chill,
List to the wood bird's farewell note.
Behold the rose that lingers still.

October marches with slow tread,
That autumn's splendors may remain.
Her hazy purple and golden red
A solemn beauty still retain.

Thou knowest it may not longer bide,
Though nature wears a plaintive smile.
Awake, sad heart, throw cares aside
And fleeting hours with hope beguile.

Weave golden dreams in fancy's loom
Ere winter blusters at our door,
And in a cold and icy tomb
Crushed hopes, with dead leaves, covers o'er.

NOVEMBER
(From the French)

A captive of winter's stern reign,
Neath a dull November sky,
Weary of hopes long deferred, I sit
Watching the birds southward fly.

I fancy they're cold and wet, poor things!
But in sun-kissed lands far away
They can shake the cold rain from their wings
And bask in the sunbeams all day.

My soul like the warbler is sad
And droops under rainy skies:
But the sun which maketh it glad
Is the glance of two soft bright eyes.

From which I am exiled afar
More a martyr than birds, for I fain,
Like them, would on swift wings fly
But am fettered with duty's strong chain.

SAVITRI'S VOW; OR, PERSEVERANCE

(From the French of Verlaine)

To save her husband's life, Savitri vowed to God
To stand erect three days and nights entire,
Nor move a limb till this time should expire,
But stand as rigid as an iron rod.

Nor Surya's scorching beams, languor, nor sleep
Which Chandra sheds at midnight over all,
Could make her falter or her courage fall,
But nobly did she strive her vow to keep.

When darkness like a cloud obscures our sky,
Or malice aims at us her cruel darts,
Then, like Savitri, let us steel our hearts
Against adversity, and our aim make high.

THE BROOK
(From the German)

Brooklet flowing,
Onward going,
Ever farther in the chase—
Wavelets shimmering,
Dancing, glimmering,
As they leap from place to place.

No drop may stay
But urged away
It pauses never day or night,
Gaily singing,
Onward springing,
Soon it vanishes from sight.

Waters flowing,
Always going,
May with life's hours well compare:
All unheeding,
Moments speeding,
Which to children irksome are.

Thus it preaches
And us teaches
To hold life's morning hours more dear—
For soon they're run,
They wait for none,
And never more will reappear.

FLOWERS

(From the German of Schiller)

Children of the gladsome sunbeams,
Flowerets of the grassy mead,
Born to pleasure and sweet day-dreams—
Ye are by nature loved, indeed.
Gay your dress 'broidered with light,
Gay did Flora you bedight
In splendors of the rainbow's hue.
Grieve, dear children, of the springtide!
Soul she hath to you denied,
And ye dwell in darkness, too.

Nightingale and lark do sing
To you of true love's blessèd charms,
While sportive fairies lightly swing
And woo each other in your arms.
And did not the goddess Flora
Curve for you your crown of glory
Swelling to the thrill of love?
Weep, dear children of the springtide!
Love she hath to you denied,
Love, that blessing from above.

But when mother's stern commands
 Banish me from Nanny's view—
When I pluck ye with my hands,
 To her a love pledge to be true,
Life, and speech, and soul, and heart—
Dumb messengers of love's sweet smart—
 Are by this touch infused in ye.
The mightiest of gods inweaves
Into your silent sensuous leaves
 His own divinity.

ENTERTAINMENT

(From the German of Uhland)

I put up at a wayside inn—
The host a jolly fellow—
An apple branch had for a sign
With apples golden yellow.

It was a friendly apple tree
With whom I stopped to eat,
He furnished me right cheerfully
With juicy food, and sweet.

And wingèd guests were welcome too
Who sang with wildest glee,
And hopped and skipped from bough to bough
And feasted royally.

My rest was sweet, my bed of moss—
As soft as down was made.
The host then covered me across
With a cool and grateful shade.

I asked what recompense would he,
He waved me in protest.
O blessèd be that goodly tree
From root to topmost crest.

THE LORELEI

(From the German of Heine)

I know not what it means or why
Myself so sad I find.
A legend from the times gone by
Keeps running in my mind.

The air is cool and it darkles
And softly flows the Rhine.
The crest of the mountain sparkles
In the evening's pale sunshine.

A maid sits on a rocky height—
Her beauty wondrous rare—
Her jewels glint in the waning light.
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And chants a song the while—
A weird and winsome melody—
Which doth the soul beguile.

The boatman in his little skiff
Is seized with a wild delight.
He sees not the fatal rocky reef,
But only the maid on the height.

I fear me the boat and boatman
Will be engulfed ere long.
This will the Lorelei have done
With the witchery of her song.

ODE TO SPRING

(From the German of Schiller)

Welcome, pretty youngster,
Thou Nature's child indeed!
With thy full flower basket
Thou'rt welcome on the mead.

Ah, yes, thou art again here,
And art so dear and sweet,
It gives us so much pleasure
Again with thee to meet.

Rememberest thou my sweetheart?
What, dearie, thinkest thou?
My sweetheart loved me then, dear.
My sweetheart loves me now.

For her so many blossoms
I've begged of thee before,
I come again to ask thee,
And thou, thou'lt give me more?

O, welcome pretty youngster,
Thou Nature's child indeed!
With thy full flower basket
Thou'rt welcome on the mead.

THE HOSTAGE;
or,
DAMON AND PYTHIAS
(From the German of Schiller)

To Dyonisius, the tyrant, one day,
Came Damon with dagger concealed.
The bailiff soon forced him to yield.

“What wouldst thou do with the dagger? say!”
And Damon replied in a haughty way:
“The town from the tyrant set free.”
“For this thou shalt swing from a tree.”

“I’m ready,” quoth he, “the gallows to face
And beg not my life you may spare:
Yet wouldst thou grant me one prayer
I’d pray thee for three days of grace,
Till my sister’s hand in her husband’s I place.
My friend here as hostage will stay.
If I fail, he the forfeit will pay.”

Then smiled the king with a cunning leer,
And after a moment’s delay
He said, “I will grant you this stay,
But know when the time for thee to appear
Has passed away, and thou art not here,
Thy friend must die in thy stead,
But no harm shall fall on thy head.”

Then he said to his friend: "The king hath decreed
That I must my crime 'gainst the state
With my life, on the cross, expiate.
To grant me three days of time he agreed,
That I to my sister's wedding may speed.
Remain here as surety for me
Till I come when thou shalt go free."

The true friend in silence the other embraced:
Then obeyed his friend's earnest petition,
While the other went forth on his mission.
And ere he three times the morning red traced,
His sister's hand in her husband's he placed:
And hasted with fear in his soul
Lest he might not in time reach his goal.

Then pours unceasing the rain o'er the land.
From mountains the torrents go roaring,
And brooks into rivers are pouring,
And he comes to the bank with staff in hand,
The whirlpool has wrested the bridge from the
strand,
And thund'ring billows are breaking,
And creaking timbers are quaking.

Now desperate he toiled 'long the oozing sand,
But as far as the eye could explore,
Or the voice might be sent to the shore,

There pushed no boat from the farther strand,
To bear him onto the wished-for land:
 No boatman the ferry to guide,
 And the stream turned to sea wild and wide.

He sinks on the bank and weeps and prays,
With hands raised to Zeus he cried:
"O make the wild billows subside!
The hours are speeding, and at midday stays
The sun, while pours down his burning rays.
 If I cannot reach him in time,
 My dear friend must die for my crime."

The waters increased their angry mood,
And wave upon wave dashed high,
And hour upon hour passed by.
Then seized with strange fear, a moment he stood,
Then plunged headlong in the roaring flood,
 And struck for the farther shore.
 God pitied and brought him safe o'er.

He gained the shore and onward strode,
 And thanked the Lord for his pity,
 When suddenly ruthless banditti
Sprang out of the dark and gloomy wood.
They bar his pathway, thirsting for blood,
 They brandish a club in his face,
 Thus checking his hurrying pace.

“What would ye,” he cried, and paled with fright;
 “To give you I have not a thing
 But my life which belongs to the king.”
Then he seized the club from the nearest wight,
“For my dear friend’s sake, God pity your plight!”
 And three with stout blows he laid out,
 And the others he put to rout.

And the sun shone red like a burning brand,
 And from endless toils profound,
 Exhausted he sank on the ground.
“O hast thou kindly from the robbers’ hand,
And the wild flood brought me to blessed land!
 And must I now of thirst perish,
 And my friend die whom I should cherish?”

But hark! a tinkling sound makes him thrill.
 He pauses a moment to listen.
 When lo, he sees something glisten,
As forth from the rocks and adown the hill
Comes bubbling and chatt’ring a sparkling rill.
 With delight he bends o’er the brink,
 And slaked his thirst with a cooling drink.

And the sun peeped low down the sky,
 And painted the shim’ring meadows
 With the trees’ gigantic shadows,
And he sees two travelers passing by,
With hurrying steps they seem to fly.
 Then heard he the words they said:
 “By this hour he must be dead.”

And fear lent wings to his flying feet.

With anguish he is sore distressed.

The evening red glows in the west,
And falls on the spires of Syracuse.

Then comes to meet him Philostratus,
The keeper of his house and folds,
Who with horror his master beholds.

“Turn back, thy friend ere this is slain.

Thou’dst better thine own life save.

E’en now they’re digging his grave.

Hour upon hour he waited in vain,
With hope in his soul, thy coming again.

No tauntings the king could make,
His faith in thy honor could shake.”

“And though I’m too late, yet hasten I must,

For though I cannot set him free

United in death we shall be.

Of this shall the bloody tyrant not boast,
That friend to friend, his life could not trust.

He may sacrifice two, in sooth,
On the altar of love and truth.”

When the sun went down, he stood at the gate.

The cross erected he found,

And the gaping crowd standing ’round.

With the rope ’round his friend awaiting his fate,
He parted the throng with a striding gait.

“Hold hangman! I’m come!” shouted he,

“Spare my friend who is hostage for me.”

And astonishment stirred the throng to cheers.
Both wept in each other's arms
With a mingling of joy and alarms.
And everyone's eyes were wet with tears,
And the marvel was brought to the monarch's
ears,
Whose heart with pity o'er-wrought
He had them before him brought.

He looked them o'er with admiring gaze;
Then said, "You have gained your end
And won my heart, and a friend:
For I would your comrade be always,
And faith is, indeed, no empty phrase;
And would'st thou grant a prayer to me
The third in thy bond I'd be."

ALPINE MELODY

(From the German of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*)

The sea laughs inviting to bathe in its surf:
A fisher boy sleeps by its side on the turf.
He hears a sweet ringing
Like the flute's silvery notes,
Or angel choirs singing
Which from paradise floats.
And as he wakes in rapturous glee
High up on his breast wash the waves of the sea.
And a voice from the deeps
Cries, "Dear boy, dost thou know
I allure him who sleeps
To my kingdom below?"

(*First Variation*)

Ye meadows, good bye!
Ye pastures, so sunny!
The herdsman so bonny
With summer must hie.
We go to the mountains, we come again soon
When the cuckoo calls and the woods are in tune.
When the earth is a-bloom with flowers fresh and
gay,
When the mountain streams flow, in May, lovely
May.

Green pastures, good bye!
Ye valleys, and mead,
The herdsman must speed
For Autumn is nigh.

(Second Variation)

The avalanche thunders, and tremble all things
While the bold hunter, fearless, o'er dizzy heights
springs.

And onward he strides
O'er icefields all sheen:
No spring there abides.
No shrubs ever green.

And under his feet lies a nebulous sea,
The hamlets of man no more discerns he.

Alone through cloud-rifts
The earth is revealed,
Deep under the mists—
A broad, verdant field.

WINTER SONG

(From the German)

Why liest thou so still, bedight
In thy soft covering of white,
 Dear, gentle, mother Earth?
Where are the gladsome songs of spring,
And summer birds on glancing wing,
 Thy gala robes and festal mirth?

Thou slumber'st now so bare and cold,
The tender flocks leave not their fold
 To graze o'er vale or steep.
The hum of bee, the purling rill,
And song of bird are hushed and still.—
 Yet, art thou beautiful in sleep.

From twig and bough a shimm'ring stream
Of lights, by thousands, glint and gleam
 Where'er the eye can see.
Who has prepared for thee thy bed,
The covering so lightly spread
 Bedecked with hoar-frost filigree?

Thy Father above with tender care
For thee thy garments doth prepare.

He guards thee day and night.

Then slumber thou in perfect rest,
He'll wake the weary when 'tis best—

Renewed their strength and light.

And soon His breath will o'er thee sweep
And wake thee from thy dreamless sleep—

Rejuvenated thou.

Again reglorified thou'lt stand
With smiling face and generous hand,

And garlanded thy brow.

THE THORNTREE

(From the German of Rüskest)

A little tree stood in the wood
In weather good and weather bad.
It had no leaves like other trees
But thorns alone it had.
The thorns were always pricking.
The tree began thus speaking:

“All my comrades, as you know,
The prettiest foliage adorns,
While I am clothed from top to toe
With only prickly thorns.
If I might dare to be so bold,
I'd wish for leaves of purest gold.”

It slept that night, as I've been told,
And woke next morn in perfect glee,
For there it stood with leaves of gold—
A splendid sight to see.
It proudly spoke then, “Without doubt
I've the only gold leaves here about.”

At evening, as might have been feared,
There passed a gold thief through the wold
With a great sack and heavy beard,
Who saw the leaves of shining gold.
He stripped them off and soon was gone
And left the bare tree there alone.

The tree with grief then hung its head
And in a voice of sorrow said,
"I feel ashamed before the rest
Who, all in pretty leaves, are dressed.
If my wish now might come to pass
I'd wish for leaves of clearest glass."

The tree then went to sleep again
And early woke again with glee,
For it had leaves of glass on then,
A splendid sight to see!
Then spoke the tree with joy, "I know
No other tree e'er glistened so."

Alas! a whirlwind fiercely blew,
Which more destructive proved than thieves.
It quickly passed the forest through
And shattered all its leaves.
There lay the sparkling leaves of glass,
Scattered and broken in the grass.

The tree then spoke as in the past,
"Behold this sad disastrous scene!
The other trees much longer last
With foliage of green.
If I might wish again, I'm sure
I'd choose green leaves which long endure."

Then slept the tree again at e'en
And woke again with morning light.
And there it stood with leaves of green,
And laughed with pure delight,
And said, "Now have I leaves, indeed,
To be ashamed I've no more need."

There came an old goat through the wood
And toward the tree she quickly sprung.
She sought for grass and other food
To feed her young.
She saw the leaves, and (what must shock)
She ate them up close to the stalk.

The little tree again was bare
And musing sadly thus he said:
"For any leaves no more I care,
Or yellow, green, or red.
If I could have my thorns again
I'm sure I would no more complain."

And sadly slept the tree again
And woke soon as 'twas light,
There saw itself in the bright sunshine
And laughed, and laughed, outright.
The other trees then laughed also.
To it, it made no difference though.

Wherefore laughed the thortree then?
And wherefore laughed his comrades so?
Why, in the night 'twas clothed again
With thorns from top to toe.

And any one who doubts it should
Go out and see it in the wood.
But touch it not if you should go.
Why not? Because 'twill stick, you know.

THE GERMAN MUSE
(From the German of Schiller)

No Augustine Era flowered,
No Medici their favors showered
 With smiles upon the German art.
No fostering care around it thrown
It grew and blossomed all alone,
 Nor princes' favors lent it heart.

From Germany's most valiant son,
From great Frederick, the favored one,
 All unhonored it went forth.
Exulting with a glowing heart
The German may proclaim his art
 Self-nurtured by inherent worth.

Therefore mounts to loftier height
German genius in its flight—
 With the German bard inborn,
And with sense of fullness swelling,
From his heart's depth freely welling
 He laughs restraint of rules to scorn.

RECOGNITION

(From the German of Vogl)

A weary trav'ler with staff in hand
Comes home again from a foreign land.
His hair is unkempt, and bronzed his skin,
Whoever would know him, or kith or kin?

On the old turnpike he enters the town:
He leans on the gate, looking wistfully 'round.
The tollman, who once was his friend, alas,
With whom he had oft drained a social glass,
Remembers him not as he sees him now—
So bronzed by the sun are his cheeks and brow.
With a nod he moves farther down the street
And shakes the dust from his weary feet.

From the window his sister's dear face he spies.
"Happy greeting to thee, blooming maiden," he
cries.

But, alas, his own sister remembers him not,
So bronzed is his face with the sunbeams hot.

Then onward he goes, unable to speak,
While a glistening tear rolls down his dark cheek.
Then totters his mother a few steps before,
"God bless thee!" he cries, and can utter no more.
But see! his old mother is sobbing for joy
And cries, as she falls on his neck, "My dear boy!"
However sunburnt or changed he may grow,
The mother's heart ever her own boy will know.

SPRING'S RETURN
(From the German of Tieck)

The young Spring forgets not to come back again,
And swallows and storks wing homeward their
flight:

Tho' winter has hardly relinquished his reign,
This happy child wakens, and laughs with delight.

He hunts up his playthings from corners remote
Which winter has hidden or mislaid, I ween,
And tunes to sweet music the nightingale's throat,
And dresses the forest in robes of pale green.

He touches fruit trees with a glowing hand.
He climbs high up on the apricot wall.
Like snow, the white blossoms ope at command,
And he gleefully laughs that they come at his call.

He goes to the forest and lies down to sleep:
His warm breath exhales o'er the cold, dewy sod;
Then around his red lips the strawberries creep,
And in the low grass the violets nod,
How the valley laughs in the morning dew,
With its mingled tints of rose and blue!

Then into the garden with fast barred gate,
He climbs o'er the fence, nor waits for time;
He likes not for keys, or for aught else to wait.
No wall for him is too steep to climb.

He clears the snow and ice from his way,
And cuts it off from the box-hedge, too,
Nor stops to rest at the close of day,
But merrily toils the whole night through.

Then he calls aloud to his school-mates dear,
"Why tarry ye in the earth so long?
Have I not asked you to join me here,
To frolic and sport with mirth and song?"

The lily reached forth her white hand at request;
The tulip in head-dress answered the call;
The modest rose blushed as she joined with the
rest—

Cowslips, and other flowers, great and small.

* * * *

But soon the Spring kissed them a fond farewell.
"I must up and be gone, alas," he cried.
For with them longer he might not dwell:
Then the flowers drooped on their stems and died.

He said to them sadly, "My work is done.
The swallows have come at my request.
They'll bear me away to the land of the sun,
In the odorous fields of Ind, I'll rest.

“I am too small the fruit to pluck,
And to strip the vine of its purple weight,
With the scythe the golden grain to cut,
Therefore the Autumn I’ll send you straight.

“I’m only a child, and love to play;
Hard work I am never disposed to do,
But, when you are tired of Winter’s long stay,
With joy and delight I’ll come back to you.

“I’ll take the birds with me when I depart:
When the harvest is o’er, what should they do
here?

Adieu, adieu, where there’s love in the heart
The joys of spring are eternally near.”

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOODS

(From the German of Poui)

Three children once stood by the way
Who should have been at school that day.
They talked of this and that with zest—
How learning was a tiresome pest.

Then said they in a careless mood,
"Oh, let us go unto the wood!
The animals are used to play,
Then let us romp with them today."

So they invited the animals all
To play with them, both great and small.
"We're sorry, but, indeed," said they,
"We really have no time to play."

The beetle droned, "'Twere fine, I guess,
To roam with you in idleness,
But I must build a bridge of grass,
The old one's no more safe to pass."

The mouse spoke softly as he could,
"I'm storing away my winter food."
The dove, as busy as the rest,
Was carrying twigs to build its nest.

The hare then nodded and declared
He could not from his work be spared.
"My little tail is soiled, look!
I must go wash it in the brook."

The strawberry blossom softly said,
"This pretty day must serve me stead
To ripe my fruit, to make it sweet,
That I may give the beggar to eat."

They then bethought the brook to hail,
"Thou, chattering idly through the vale,
Come play with us, be with us gay."
The brook, astonished, answered, "Nay."

"Ay! if you children only knew!
I know not what to think of you!
I've naught to do, you mean to say?
Yet, rest I not through night or day.

"Man and beast, wood, vale and mead,
Hill, and plain, of me have need.
All must drink whate'er their lot,
Brew, and stew, and cleanse the pot.

"Cradles rock, and mill-wheels drive,
Lumber cut, ore pulverize,
Great ships bear, yet never tire,
Spin, and weave, and put out fire.

"I cannot tell all that I do,
I can no longer stay with you.
You see, I have no time to play."
Thus spoke the brook and sped away.

Their patience had been sorely tried
When they at last a finch espied,
Which sat upon a twig and swung.
In careless glee he ate and sung.

They called, "Sir Worthyman, how so!
The prettiest songs you seem to know.
For cert, you are a merry soul,
Then come with us and take a stroll."

"Zounds! then have I heard aright?
You children seem to me not bright.
Here all day have I hunted flies,
And busied myself otherwise

"To gather food to feed my young,
And now they must to sleep be sung.
Thus with my brother choir today
I sing my merriest roundelay.

"But say, what reason could there be
That you so ill have thought of me?
Turn back, you idlers, I implore,
Disturb the people here no more."

From beast, and bird, and flower, and brook,
This lesson home the children took.
That pleasure is a recompense
Acquired alone by diligence.

MIGNON'S SONG

(From the German of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*)

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees grow?
Where under dark leaves golden oranges glow,
Where 'neath the blue skies the soft zephyrs play,
Land of the sweet-scented myrtle and bay?
Knowest thou the place?

Far away, far away,
O, my belov'd, with thee let me go!

Knowest thou the house with great pillars like
snow
Whose broad hall and chambers in the mellow light
glow,
With white marble figures whose gaze seems to say,
"My poor child, what have they done to thee,
pray!"

Knowest thou the place?
Far away, far away,
O my protector, with thee let me go!

Knowest the mountain, a white mist enshrouds?
Where the mule threads his way o'er a path in the
clouds,

Where the old dragon brood make their lair in the
 rifts,

And the swift mountain torrents leap over the
 cliffs?

Knowest thou the place?

 Far away, far away,

Take me there with thee, O father, I pray!

THE SONG OF THE BELL
(From the German of Schiller)

In the earth embedded fast
Stands the mold formed out of clay.
Today the great bell must be cast.
Comrades, haste, make no delay.
 From the brow aglow
 Streams of sweat must flow.
Shall the work the master, praise,
The blessing comes from Heaven always.

To work which we with zeal perform
A good word seems not out of place,
While conversation lends a charm
The work flows on with merry pace.
Then let us carefully reflect
What through man's puny strength is wrought,
And no man can deserve respect
Who brings not to his work full thought.
This, 'tis which most adorns man—hence,
His mind, wherewith to understand,
That he may feel with keener sense
What he creates with his own hand.

Make a fire of pitch pine timber
Which must thoroughly be dried
That the flame compressèd inward

Reach the molten ore inside.

Boils the copper stew,

Add the tin thereto,

That the bell food, thus refined,

To flow more smoothly be inclined.

That which the hand of man hath power

To build deep underneath the ground,

High up within the belfry tower

Proclaims him with sonorous sound.

And down the ages it shall ring,

And myriads shall hear its voice

Attuned to those who sweetly sing,

Or those who weep or who rejoice.

Whate'er to mortals here below

A changeful destiny may bring,

The bell's tongue, swinging to and fro,

Proclaims afar with brazen ring.

See the bubbles rising thickly

As the mass moves to and fro,

Toss some potash in it quickly,

Thus promote its liquid flow.

For from foam quite free

Must the mixture be.

That the metal, clear and pure,

A full, pure tone will thus insure.

When ring the joybells far and wide

They greet the babe whose tender charms

Are budding in life's morning-tide
Which it begins in slumber's arms.
And time concealeth from his sight
His destiny, or dark, or bright.
The mother-love which guides while warning
Tenderly watches his golden morning.

The years fly by with arrow speed,
The proud youth bids the maid adieu
And wildly through life rushing fast
He traverses the whole world through.
And radiant in her youthfulness—
A heavenly image wondrous fair,
His cheeks aflame with bashfulness,
He sees the maiden standing there.

A nameless yearning fills his heart,
He wanders forth with trembling lip,
The gathering tears unbidden start,
He shuns his boyish comradeship.

Blushing, he follows her footstep's lead,
Her greeting thrills him with pleasure keen,
He plucks sweet blossoms on the mead
With which he crowns her his heart's queen.
O tender longing, blissful hope!
O youth's first love, O love's first kiss!
The gates of Heaven seem to ope,
And thrills the heart with heavenly bliss.
O could the glorious fresh spring-tide
Of youth and love forever bide!

Now the pipes to brown begin
Let us dip this splinter in,
If we see it glazing o'er
Then 'twill be quite right to pour.
Comrades now make haste,
Let us test the paste,
If the brittle will combine
With the soft, 'tis a good sign.

Where hard and soft shall coalesce,
Where strength unites with tenderness
There, gives the true ring, pure and strong.
Then prove, who would for aye be plighted,
If heart to heart be firm united,
For fancy's short, repentance, long.
Lovely 'round the bride's locks clinging
Sport the orange blossoms white,
When the wedding bell's glad ringing
Summons to the solemn rite.

Ah, the happiest day of life
Ends life's happy May, 'twould seem,
With the wreath and bridal veil
Dissolves the sweet illusive dream.

For passion must fly,
But love must endure.
The blossom must die,
That the fruit may mature.

And man must go forth
Into unfriendly life,
Must labor and strive,
Must plant and produce
And acquire with sharp use,
With efforts untiring
Good fortune acquiring.

Thus man's possessions forever are growing.
His granary with bountiful stores is o'erflowing,
The rooms increase, the house is extended,

And therein presides
The prudent housewife—
The mother of the children—
Who wisely doth reign
In the domestic domain.
She teaches the maidens,
Restraining the boys.
Her hands with devotion
Are ever in motion,
Increasing their gains
With laborious pains.

Her odorous presses with treasure are filled,
In spinning and weaving her hands are well
skilled;

And gathered within this spotless shrine
Are shimmering wools and linens fine.
She turns to good all this shimmer and shine
Nor rests she ever.

And the father with happy gaze
From his dwelling's far-seeing gable
All his worldly wealth surveys.
He sees his acres broad well tilled,
His barns and sheds to their utmost filled,
And the granary with blessings o'erflowing
And fields of waving corn growing.
And boasts with pride profound
To be as firm as the ground—
Against misfortune's shock
His house is firm as a rock.—
But to fickle fortune's might
Our faith we should not plight.
For misfortune speeds on wings.

The casting now may be begun,
See the scallops in the breach,
But before we let it run
Let us make a pious speech.
Pull the plug therefrom.
God protect our home.
Smoking in the handle's bow
The fiery mass begins to flow.

With what beneficence is fire fraught
When to do man's will 'tis taught,
Whate'er he builds or by what power,
He owes it to this heavenly dower,
Yet, fearful is this heavenly gift

Which left unwatched its bonds may rift,
And swiftly move its path along—
Nature's hand-maid free and strong.
Woe, when loosened in its wrath,
For none may dare dispute its path
As onward like a thing of sense
Through crowded streets the monster flies,
For nature's willful elements
The handiworks of man despise.
Out of the clouds
Fall blessings choice
And rain down dashes.
Out of the sky with rumbling voice
The lightning flashes.
Dost hear it whimper in the tower high?

The storm is nigh!
Red as blood is the sky;
That is not the red of day!
What a tumult
Up the street!
Smoke and heat!
Fiery pillars tow'ring high
Through the streets go rushing by
Wind-swept reaching toward the sky.
Lurid as from furnace flashing
Glow the air, rafters crashing,
Timbers starting, windows creaking,
Children wailing, mothers shrieking,

Cattle bawling,
From wreckage crawling.
People fleeing all affrighted,
Bright as day the night is lighted.
Here and there men combine,
Form in line;
Through their hands the pail now hurling,
Water dashing, streaming, swirling,
Howling comes the storm a-whirling,
Seeking out the roaring flame
Which rattles on the parching grain,
On the spacious granary falls,
On its timbers, roof, and walls,
Onward in its madd'ning flight
As if the very earth 'twould grasp
And carry with it in its clasp,
Stretching to the Heaven's height
Giant great!
Hopeless fate!
Yields man to the power of God,
Bending 'neath the chastening rod
He sees his life's work swept from sight.

All burnt down
Is the town,
Rude couch of the wild storm!
In the blackened window holes
Dwells horror's crown,
And the lowering clouds look down
From above.

A single glance
At the measure
Of the wreck of all his treasure
Sends man ere he makes advance.
Whate'er with the fire's wrath is sped
One consolation still has he:
He counts his dear ones carefully
And see! there lacks not one dear head.

Earth has received it now complete.
Haply the mold was filled aright.
Will it our expectations meet,
Our diligence and skill requite?
What if some mistake
Has caused the mold to break?
Perhaps while we have just conferred
Some mishap may have occurred.

Into the lap of Mother Earth
Entrusted we this manual deed
As the sower trusts the seed,
And hopes to see it spring to birth
For a blessing by Heaven decreed.
More precious seed, with all endearment,
Confide we to the lap of Earth,
Hoping it may burst its cerement
And blossom in a happier birth.

From the steeple tolls the bell—
A requiem with solemn knell,
Whose plaintive echoes from the dome
Guide the wand'rer to his last home.

Ah, the dear one—'tis no other
Than the loving wife and mother
Whom death snatched away so rudely
From her husband for the tomb—
From the little brood of nestlings
Which she bore him in her bloom.
Which she watched with mother's pride
Growing daily at her side.
Ah, the dear home's little band
Is shattered—gone is mother-care,
For she dwells in the shadow land
Who was once the mother there.
And it lacks her gentle guiding
Her tender watchfulness and care.
Stranger hands will be presiding
But mother-love will not be there.

While we leave the bell to cool
Let us from all labor rest,
Sport like birds in shady pool,
Enjoying all with keenest zest.

Twinkle star of beauty,
Free from every duty!
Delights the boy, the vesper ringing,
The master, though, no respite bringing.

Gaily through the woodland gloam
Turns the footsteps of the wand'rer
Toward his happy cottage home.
Homeward turn the bleating sheep
And the cattle—
Sleek and glossy broad browed cattle—
Come home lowing—
To their accustomed manger going.
Enters now the swaying wagon
With grain laden,
Gay with leaves,
Upon the sheaves
A wreath is placed,
And the young folks now to dancing
Fly in haste.
Mart and street have ceased their din
And around the social light
All the household gathers in
And the town gate closes tight.
Now darkness like a pall
Spreads out over all,
And the trusting man inviteth
Now to sleep,
Though the wicked it affrighteth,
For the eyes of the law their vigil keep.

Holy order, blessings brings,
Heaven's daughter, which like things
Together binds, and doth create

The civil glory of town and state.
And from the wild and desert places
Calls herein the savage races,
Enters in the poor man's cot
Softening his accustomed lot,
And hath inbred the dearest band—
The love of home and fatherland.

A thousand busy hands in motion
Help each other with delight.
And in violent commotion
All their forces quick unite.
Master and men with like ambition
'Neath freedom's banner standing fast,
All content with their condition
Defiance at the scorner cast.
Labor is man's ornament,
Blessing the price for labor spent.
Moral worth honors a king.
Toiling hands, us honor bring.

Blessèd peace, and
Happy concord,
Tarry, tarry,
O'er our state keep kindly guard!
Never may the day appear
When warring hordes shall enter here
Laying waste our peaceful vale,
Nor the heavens

Which the sunset russet paints
With its beams,
From the hamlet or the city
Reflect the fierce flames' ruddy gleams.

Let us break the mold apart,
Its purpose having been fulfilled,
That we may feast the eyes and heart
On its smooth and shapely build.

Swing the hammer, swing,
Make the mantel spring!
If the bell shall rise on high
The mold must into pieces fly.

The master may with proper blow
Destroy the mold with his own hands,
But woe, when like a volcano
The molten ore shall burst its bands!
Blind, raging with a thund'rous roaring,
Its prison bursts in fiery wrath,
As from the jaws of hell outpouring
It spews destruction in its path.
Thus, when crude forces senseless reign,
No plan can shape or form attain.
Thus, when the rabble for freedom strive,
Peace and welfare cannot thrive.

Woe, when the frenzied mobs uprising,
And rend their chains with riotous hand!

And through the streets with maddened cries,
They hurl the devastating brand.
They seize the bell-rope with wild applause
Whose clangor echoes their shoutings hoarse,
Devoted but to a peaceful cause,
The watchword now incites to force.

Freedom! equality! they shout aloud.
To arms the peaceful burgers fly:
The streets soon fill with a lawless crowd
And murd'rous bands are hovering nigh.
And women turn to savage beasts
And sport in horrors with a feverish glow,
They tear the heart with tiger's teeth,
Still quivering, from the hapless foe.
Nothing sacred more remains.
All holy bonds are rent in twain,
The good give place unto the bad
And all the vices have free reign.
Dangerous is the tiger's tooth,
Or to beard the lion in his cage,
But horror's very crown, in sooth,
Is man when in a frenzied rage.
Woe, to those who to the blind
The heavenly torch to give presume!
It lights him not, and unconfined,
The city to ashes will consume.

Great joy hath now to me been given—
Like a golden star of night,
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
See! the metal kernel's riven.

From top to rim it gleams
Reflecting gold sunbeams.
And the coats of arms and shields
Praise the skill the builder wield.

Come in, come in,
Companions all, form in line and listen
While we the new bell christen.
Concordia its name shall be.
To sweet communion, from the steeple
May it assemble a happy people!

And this henceforth shall be its duty
For this 'twas made and formed in beauty:
And high above all earth life soaring
Where heaven's azure is unfurled—
A neighbor to the thunder's roaring—
'Twill border on the starry world.
And it shall be a guiding voice
Like star-groups 'mong the heavenly spheres
Which in their creator still rejoice
And guide the ever circling years.
And only to eternal things
May it dedicate its voice sublime,
And hourly on swift beating wings

Come into touch with fleeting time.
May it with destiny unite—
Though heartless, and without sensation—
Accompany from its lofty height
All life's various mutations.
And when its clang strikes on the ear,
And lingering echoes die away,
So teaches it that naught endures
As into the past sinks each today.

Now to the bell! all pull the rope
And lift it from its resting place,
That we may give it freer scope
To soar into the deeps of space.
Pull the rope! now pull!
It moves! now let her swing!
May it joy to the city bring,
And peace proclaim with its first ring.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE EARTH
(From the German of Schiller)

“Come take the world, it shall be thine,” cried
Zeus

To man—from his Olympian throne above—
“For an inheritance and eternal use,
But share it with fraternal love.”

Then all bestirred themselves in quick pursuit
Of whatsoever they desired to claim.
The farmer seized the fields of grain and fruit.
And young lords through the wood stalked game.

The merchant packed his warerooms with dry-
goods,
The abbot took his portion in old wine,
The king blockaded bridges and all roads
And cried: “The tenth of all is mine.”

At last when each had gathered in his share,
From some far-off retreat the poet came.
Alas, all things were seized on everywhere
And naught was left for him to claim.

“Ah! am I then forgotten quite?” he cried.
“Thy dearest son forgotten, I, alone!”
And loud his lamentations rang on every side
As at Jove’s feet he fell full prone.

“If thou in land of dreams”—the god replied—
“Lingered too long, thou must not quarrel with me,
Where wert thou when man did the world divide?”

“I was,” the poet spoke, “with thee.”

“My eyes gazed on thy face with such delight,
Such heavenly harmonies did my ears entrance,
Forgive one, who, bedazzled by thy light,
Has lost his just inheritance.”

Quoth Jove then,—“Since the world has given away,
And harvest, game, and marts are mine no more,
Dost thou with me in Heaven wish to stay
Thou’lt ever find an open door.”

SPRING SONG

(From the German of Wackernagel)

Behold where comes the joyous Spring!
On swallows' wings 'tis soaring,
With birds all 'round it fluttering,
Their gladsome songs outpouring.
 And noiselessly the butterfly
 On gaudy wing goes flitting by.
 In swarms they fly,
The fields of air exploring.

The wood a youthful air puts on.
New life the Spring is bringing;
And mountains old their new hats don
On which green crests are swinging.
 In every crevice, small or deep,
 Cleft in the rocks or mountain steep,
 Where sunbeams peep,
There, fresh young buds are springing.

Which beam with joy on all below,
Where the wood with praise is hymning,
They greet the morning's ruddy glow,
Or twilight gently dimming.
 And when night dews begin to fall,
 With kindly hand these blossoms small
 Present to all
Their cups with nectar brimming.

The earth and sky seem beautified,
From out each chalice showing,
While music rings on every side,
And zephyrs soft are blowing.

 High over all in skys of blue
 The laughing Spring, while sweeping through,
 Drops fragrant dew
From tresses long and flowing.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA

(From the German of Schiller)

Now have I from her arms just torn myself,
But still will I with her be occupied.
For she shall go with me to some bazaar
Where Moors, the splendors of the Orient,
In silken stuffs, and works of art display.

First will we dainty 'broidered sandals choose,
To deck the delicate and well-formed feet.
Her robe shall be of India's choicest weft—
Bright shim'ring as the snow on Aetna's crown—
Which 'bout her youthful, rounded limbs shall
float

As filmy soft as vapors of the morn.
And next, her girdle shall of purple be
With threads of fine spun gold o'erwrought
That gently 'neath her bosom shall confine
The flowing tunic 'round her slender waist.
A silken mantle let us add thereto
In color of the palest purple hue.
Caught at the shoulder with a jeweled brooch.
Nor yet must we forget the golden band
That 'round her snowy arm would joy to clasp.
Nor yet the pearl and coral ornaments—
The gifts of sea nymphs from their treasure-
troves.

A coronet shall circle her fair brow,
In which the emerald-greenish light
Faint mingles with the ruby's fiery glow.

Now from her locks the fleecy bridal veil
Soft flows like mist-clouds 'round her queenly form.
Thus, with the myrtle wreath her brow now bound,
She stands a beauteous whole completely crowned.

* * * *

And now the finest palfrey, I possess,
Bring from my stables forth, its color be
The purest white like him, Apollo rode.
And let his housings all of purple be—
The bridal richly set in precious stones,
For he must bear upon his back my queen.

Now hold yourselves in readiness in knightly
pomp arrayed,
And to the joyful sound of horns and bells
Your princess you shall homeward proudly lead.

SONGS OF OSSIAN

(From the German of Goethe's prose translation
of an English version of the original Gaelic
text.)

Star of the twilight hour, whose mellow light
So softly twinkles in the western sky!
Thou liftest up thy head above the clouds,
Thou movest majestically along the hill.

What seest thou on the heath? The winds are
still,

The rumbling of the distant torrent's heard,
The waves play peacefully against the rocks,
And drowsy hum of insects fills the air.

What seest thou lovely light, that laughing dis-
appears?

The waves surround and bathe thy lovely locks.
Adieu, ye tranquil rays adieu, and thou,
O light superb of Ossian's soul, appear.

And it appears in all its dazzling glory.
I see departed friends: they gather 'round
On Lora, as in days long passed away.
Fingal comes and like a misty pillar moves.
Around him are his heroes. See, the bards,
Ullin, with silver locks, and stately Ryno,
Alpin, lovely singer, and thou, Minona,—
How changed ye are, my friends, since those fête
days

On Selma, where we each with other vied
For honors of the song, like zephyrs which
By turns the lispings grass bend on the hill!

There in her beauty stepped Minona forth
With eyes cast down and brimming o'er with
tears—

Her floating locks tossed by the wanton wind
Which blew from off the hill.

The warriors' souls
Grew dark and sad as her sweet voice arose,
For oft had they the tomb of Salgar seen,
And oft the dark abode of white Colma.
Colma, abandoned there upon the hill.
Alone she sat with her melodious voice
Awaiting Salgar's coming as he promised.
But night is gathering fast about her, list!
The voice of Colma on the hill alone—

Colma

“'Tis night!—I am alone—lost in the storm.
The wind howls fiercely on the mountain-top,
The torrent roars and plunges down the rocks.
No hut protects me from the dashing rain,
Abandoned am I on this stormy hill.
“Step forth, O moon, from out thy cloudy mask!
Shine out stars of the night!

Let thy faint rays
Conduct me to the spot where rests my lover

From weariness attendant on the chase,
His bow unstrung beside him hangs.

His dogs

Around him pant, and must I sit alone
Upon these rocks above the swollen torrent
Which vies in roaring, with the wild night-wind!
Yet hear I not the voice of my beloved.

“Why tarries my Salgar?”

Has he his word forgotten?

The rock, the tree, the roaring torrent is here.
At night’s approach thou promised to be here.
Alas, where hast thou wandered, my Salgar!
With thee would I have fled, abandoning all—
A father and a brother with their pride.
Tho’ enemies our families have been long,
Yet are we none, nor ever were,

O Salgar mine!

“Silence awhile, O wind, Be still O torrent wild!
Cease but one little while, that through the vale
My voice may ring and make my rover hear!
Salgar! ’tis I who call. Here is the rock,
The tree, Salgar my love, and here am I!
Why tarriest thou so long?”

“But see! The moon
Shines out, the flood glints in the vale below.
The rocks stand stark and grey upon the hill.
But yet I see him not upon the height.
His dogs before, announce not his approach,

Here must I sit alone:—

“But who are these
Stretched out upon the heath?—my best beloved!
my brother!

Speak, O my friends!—They answer not.
What torture to my soul! Ah, they are dead;
Their swords red with the slaughter!

O my brother.

My brother, Why hast thou my Salgar slain?
O my Salgar, Why hast thou my brother slain?
Ye were so dear—both were so dear to me!
O thou wert beautiful upon the hill,
Among a thousand wert thou beautiful!
And thou wert terrible in battle's rage.
Answer thou, my own beloved, my voice hear!
But ah, they're dumb, forever dumb and cold,—
Cold as the clod—the bosom of my loved ones!

“From rocky hill or stormy mountain heights,
Speak, spirits of the dead, Oh, speak to me!
I'll tremble not, Where hast thou gone to rest!
In what dark mountain cave canst thou be found!
No voice I hear responsive to my prayer.
The wind bears me no answer from the dead,
“I sit in grief and wait the morn in tears.
Dig the grave, friends of the dead, but close it
not until I come.

My life fades like a dream away.
Here should I stay behind. Here will I dwell
With my dear friends, the leaping torrent near.

When night comes on the hill, and sweeps the wind
 Along the heath, my spirit there shall stand
 And weep the untimely death of my true friends.
 The hunter from his leafy tent shall hear me—
 Shall hear my wailing voice, and fear and love it.
 For sweet my voice shall be to my true friends,
 They were so dear, both were so dear to me!"
 'Twas thy song, Minona, Thorman's sweet daughter.

Our tears flowed for Colma, and we became sad.
 Ullin then with harp appeared and gave us Alpin's
 song.

Sweet was the voice of Alpin
 The soul of Ryno, like a ray of light.
 But both now sleep within the narrow house.
 No more in Selma shall their voices echo.
 Once, Ullin, when returning from the chase,
 Before had fallen these two heroes brave,
 Listened to their rival songs upon the hill,
 Their songs were sweet, but sad, for they bewailed
 The death of Morar, first among the heroes;
 Like the soul of Fingal was the soul of Morar.
 His broad sword, like the sword of Oscar.
 He fell alas! His father sorely grieved.
 His sister wept his fate,—Minona wept.
 Minona, sister of the valiant Morar.
 Before the song of Ullin she withdrew.
 As when the moon in the west a storm foreseeing,

Conceals her head behind a wat'ry cloud.
 I touched the harp of Ullin for a song of grief.

Ryno

“Hushed is the wind and rain, serene the midday
 sky.

The lazy clouds drift idly by and dissipate.
 The shimmering sunlight, fleeing, gilds the far
 hill-tops,

Red flows the mountain stream into the vale below.
 Sweet thy murmuring stream, but sweeter the
 voice I hear.

The voice of Alpin 'tis, lamenting for the dead.
 His head with age is bowed, and red his streaming
 eyes.

Alpin, sweet singer, why sit'st thou on the hill
 alone?

Why like the moaning forest wind, dost thou
 lament,

Or like the noise of waves that lap the distant
 shore?”

Alpin

“My tears are flowing, Ryno, for the dead.
 My voice sobs for the dwellers of the tomb.
 Slender art thou on the hill and beautiful
 Art thou among the sons upon the heath!
 But thou wilt fall like Morar, and upon

Thy grave the sorrowful will sit and grieve.
The hills will then forget thee, and thy bow
Unstrung will lie unheeded in the hall.

And thou wert swift, O Morar, as the roe upon
the mountain,

And awful as a meteor in the sky.

Thy wrath was a storm, thy sword in battle
Like sheet lightning flashed, and lighted up the
heath.

Thy voice was like the mountain torrent after
rain,

Or the thunder's voice on the distant hill.

Many fell before thy arm, and the flame
Of thy wrath consumed them.

But when thou from
The wars returned—thy voice—how peaceful it
was!

Thy face was like the sun after a storm

Or like the moon's soft silvery light serene.

Thy breast, as the sea when the winds are hushed.

“But narrow now and dark is thy abode.

With but three steps I measure off thy tomb.
O thou, who wert so noble and so great!

Four mossy stones are thy sole monument.

A blasted tree, long waving grass, through which

The wind low whispers, marks to the hunter's eye,

The lonely spot where sleeps the mighty Morar.

No mother hast thou to bewep thy death,

No sweetheart, tears of love to shed for thee.

Dead is she who bore thee—daughter of Mor-
glan.—

“But who is this who rests upon his staff?
Whose head with age is white, whose eyes with
tears are red?

Thy father 'tis, with brow so sad, O Morar!
The father of no son save thee, Morar!
He oft has heard thy valiant deeds extolled,
And of thy fallen foes full oft has heard,
And of thy glory, too, but not thy wounds.
Weep, Morar's father, weep, thy son hears not.
Sound is the sleep of the dead—their pillow, dust!
Heeds he not thy voice, nor wakens at thy call.
O when will morning dawn within the grave!
To say to him who slumbers there, “awake”!

“Adieu, noblest of men, thou warrior bold!
Ne'er will the battle-field see thee again.
Thy flashing steel no more shall light the wood.
Thou leav'st no son behind to bear thy name;
But it shall be preserved in epic song:
And future bards shall sing of Morar's deeds.

The heroes sent forth lamentations wild,
But Armin's grief was keenest of them all.
It called to mind his son's untimely death,
Who fell in life's bright morn.

Carmor sat near
Armin, Carmor, prince of far-famed Galmal.
Thus spoke he then to Armin, sobbing there:

“Wherefore weep’st thou, Armin? Who needs
weep here,

Where music stirs and animates the soul
Like floating mist-clouds rising from the sea,
Which, gently trembling, o’er the valley falls,
And flowers and all the face of nature bathes?
Then bursts the sun in all its splendor, forth,
And mist-clouds disappear.

Why art so sad,
Armin, who rules o’er sea-begirt Gorma?”

Armin

“Yes, sad am I with best of reasons, too,
Carmor, thou hast no son, no blooming daughter
lost.

Colgar, the valiant, lives and lovely Amira—
Most beautiful maiden she! And green
The branches still, O Carmor, of thy stock!
But Armin is the sole one of his race.
Dank is thy bed, and deep thy sleep, O Daura!
When wilt thou awaken with thy melodious voice!
Awake! ye winds of autumn, wake! and blow
O’er the gloomy heath.

Torrents, leap and roar!
Howl storm, and rend the summit of the oaks!
Slip through the shifting clouds, O moon! Reveal
And hide alternately thy pallid face!
Recall to me the horrors of that night

When perished both my children.

Then Arindal,
The mighty, fell, and Daura, dear one, perished.

“Daura, my daughter, how beautiful wert thou,—
As the placid moon on the hills of Fura!

White as the drifting snow, sweet as the breath
of morn!

Thy bow was strong, Arindal, thy spear swift
In the field, thy glance, like mist on the waves.
Thy shield flashed like a fire-cloud in the storm.

“Armar, famed in war, wooed the lovely Daura,
And haply won, full soon, her young heart's love.
And friends looked gladly on with joy and hope.
Erath, Odgall's son, looked on with wrathful ire;
His brother had been slain by Armar's hand.

In boatman's guise he went to meet Daura.
His bark danced gaily o'er the swelling wave.
White his locks with age, peaceful his earnest face.
'Most beautiful of maids,' said he, 'Armin's lovely
daughter, there on the rocks near by,

Where peeps the red fruit through a leafy screen,
Awaiteth Armar his loved-one's coming.
I come, to guide her to him o'er the sea.'

“She follows to this lonely trysting place.
She calls out 'Armin!' but he answers not.

The rocks reverberate her voice alone.
'Armar, my love, why thus torment my soul?
Hear, Armath's son! 'tis Daura's voice that calls!
“Erath the traitor, laughing, fled to land.

She lifted up her voice and called aloud.

'O father, brother, Armin, Arindal,

Oh, is there none to hear and save his Daura!

"Her voice rang o'er the sea. Arindal heard.

My son Arindal heard and quickly came,

All covered o'er with booty of the chase.

He sprang adown the hill with bow in hand,

His arrows hanging dangling at his side.

His five black hounds leaped joyfully about him.

He saw the bold Erath upon the shore.

He seized and bound him to an oak tree fast.

Thus firmly bound, Erath filled the air with groans.

"Arindal launched his bark upon the waves,

To rescue Daura from the lonely rock.

Then Armar came in wrath, an arrow seized—

And with well poised aim he sent it speeding home.

It pierced thy heart O Arindal, my son!

Thus perished thou in trait'rous Erath's stead.

His bark but touched the rock when he, expiring,
fell.

Thy brother's blood flowed at thy feet, all warm.

Which was for thee a piteous sight, O Daura!

"The waves soon crushed the bark.

Into the sea

Leaped Armar, his beloved to save or die.

A storm-wind struck and lifted high the waves.

He sank beneath to reappear no more.

"I heard my daughter's shrieks upon the sea-beat
shore.

Long and loud she wailed, nor could I rescue her.
The whole night long I stood upon the shore.
I saw her dimly through the moon-light pale.
The whole night long I heard her piercing cries.
Loud roared the wind, the rain dashed 'gainst the
rocks,
But fainter grew her voice ere morning dawned,
And died away as dies the evening breeze,
Low murm'ring in the grass upon the rocks below.
She died of grief, and left Armin alone.
My strength in war is past, my pride, as father,
fallen.

“When storms descend in fury from the moun-
tain heights,
And fierce north winds pile high the foaming surge,
I sit and gaze with fascination strange,
Far out upon that lonely sea-girt rock.
Oft through the moon's pale shim'ring light, I
see
The spirits of my children, hand in hand,
In sweet and solemn concord passing by.

“O why awaken me, sweet breath of spring!
Thou woorest and speak'st. 'I'm charged with
dews from Heaven.'

“But the time of my with'ring draweth near.
Near, the storm that shall strip me of my leaves!
Tomorrow when the wanderer comes who saw
Me in my beauty, his eye shall seek me,
Shall seek me in the field, but shall not find me.”

(From Schiller's *Mary Stuart*)

Mary and her maid in the park of
Fotheringay Castle, where Mary is imprisoned.

Maid: . . .

You hasten, Lady, as if you had wings:
So fast, indeed, I cannot follow—wait, pray.

Mary:

O let me enjoy this new freedom so sweet,
Let us be children together once more,
And try once again the light wingèd feet
As swiftly we skim the green meadows o'er,
Can it be I am free from my cell cold and bare?
Hold me no more the dread dungeon walls?
Let me drink of the free and heavenly air
And bask in the sunlight that over me falls.

Maid:

O my dear Lady, your dreary prison house
Is only just a little widened.
The walls which shut us in you do not see
Because the trees' thick foliage conceals them.

Mary:

O thanks ye friendly trees, thanks be to you
That my grim prison walls ye hide from sight!
O let me fancy that my dreams be true!
Wherefore awake me from such visions bright?
O'erspans me nature's blue ethereal dome
While free and fetterless the eye can roam
O'er trackless voids of Heaven's immensity.

There, where the grey and misty mountains rise,
The boundaries of my kingdom may be seen.
Yon hazy cloud that toward the Southland flies
Shall hover o'er loved France's valleys green.
Swift sailing cloudlet far up in the blue,
Oh that I might rise and take passage with you!
Take my fond greetings to the land dear to me.
I am a prisoner, in bondage I pine,
No other herald can I claim as mine.
Through the blue ether your pathway lies free.
This proud queen holds not dominion o'er thee.

Maid:

Ah, dear Lady, you are quite beside yourself,
Your long imprisonment doth make you rave.

Mary:

There a fisherman fastens his boat to the land.
Through this mean craft I might freedom attain,
Might be safely borne to some friendly strand
If needy man could be tempted for gain.
Richly would I repay him with treasure—
A haul should he make, as he's ne'er made before,
His nets should be filled with o'erflowing measure
Would he but take me to some far off shore.

Maid:

An idle wish—for see you not from far
Our footsteps close are followed by a spy?
A black and cruel mandate banishes
All sympathetic creatures from our path.

Mary:

Good Hannah, no, believe me, not in vain
 Has been the op'ning of my prison door.
 This favor is to me the harbinger
 Of greater good. I feel a premonition
 That 'tis the hand of love, the which I thank.
 Lord Leicester's powerful arm I recognize.
 My freedom they will widen by degrees—
 From small to greater, will accustom me—
 Till I at last shall see the face of him
 Who has removed my bonds forever more.

Maid:

This paradox I cannot reconcile.
 They bid you yesterday prepare for death,
 Today as suddenly your freedom give.
 I've heard it said, when prisoners' chains are
 loosed,
 It signifies they're soon to be set free.

Mary:

Hear'st thou the hunter's horn? Dost hear it
 ringing—
 Loud hallooings as through the green fields they
 race?
 O could I, upon my proud courser springing,
 Respond to their shoutings and join in the chase!
 Hark! Hark! how familiar the voice that I hear,
 That with painfully sweet remembrances thrills!
 How oft it has made the blood leap to my face
 When up in the Highlands in my Scottish hills
 Which echoed the shouts of the hunter's mad chase.

(Translation from Schiller's *Mary Stuart*.)

Meeting Between Mary and Queen Elizabeth, in
the Park of Fotheringay Castle.

Elizabeth:

How is it, my Lords?
Who was it then that did announce to me
One bowed with grief? A haughty pride I find
In no way softened by misfortune's touch.

Mary (aside):

So be it! I will humbly bear myself.
Begone, thou foolish pride of a noble soul!
I will forget both who I am and what
I suffer, and at her feet, who brought me to
Such depths of grief and shame, will throw myself.

(Turning to the Queen)

Heaven hath decided for you, sister,
In triumph sits the crown upon your brow.
And I adore Him who hath raised you up!
Yet, sister, show your magnanimity!
Let me not languish here in such disgrace!
Your hand stretched forth gives me the queenly
right
To lift myself from this abyss of shame.

Elizabeth:

You're in your proper place, Lady Mary,

And thankfully I praise God for his grace
 That He hath not so willed that I should lie
 A suppliant at your feet as you do now at mine.

Mary:

Think on the instability of things,
 And gods there be who punish the proud in heart!
 Then hear and honor them whose awful might
 Hath cast me humbly grov'ling at your feet.—
 Then in the presence of these witnesses
 Honor yourself in me, for in my veins,
 As in your own, the blood of Tudor flows.
 Then desecrate it not!—O God in Heaven!
 O stand not there; cold, inaccessible,
 As the bold rock-cliff that towers high and steep.
 On which the ship-wrecked mariner, with hands
 Out-stretched while vainly struggling, seeks to
 grasp!

My life, my destiny, my all, depend
 Upon my words, the power of woman's tears.
 Unbind my heart, that I may move yours to
 Some show of pity! for when you gaze on me
 With that cold stare, shud'ring, the heart shuts up.
 The stream of tears is choked, and all the prayers
 That I would say are frozen on my lips.

Elizabeth:

What would you say to me, Lady Stuart?
 You've wished to speak to me and I forget
 The Queen, meanwhile, the sorely injured Queen.

The sister's pious duty to perform.
Moved by a generous impulse, grant I you
The consolation of this interview.
I justly blame myself that I so far
Have condescended, for, as you well know,
You've plotted for my death through treachery.

Mary:

With what shall I begin? How shape my words,
That I may touch your heart, yet injure not?
O God! put power and healing in my speech,
And every thorn remove lest it should wound!
Yet for myself I cannot speak without
Accusing you, and that I will not do.
You have with great injustice treated me.
For I am queen as well as you, yet you
Have kept me as a common prisoner.
A suppliant I came to you, and you
The sacred laws of hospitality,
The people's sacred rights scorning in me,
Shut me within a prison cell, and friends
And servants from me ruthlessly did take.
They stood me at the bar of a disgraceful tri-
bunal—

No more of that—but let oblivion hide
Forever the base indignities I bore.

I'll call it all, then, Providence:
And you are not to blame no more am I.
Some wicked demon has our hearts possessed,
And kindled there the old time bitter hate

Which in our tender youth had sundered us.

It grew with us and wicked men have fanned
It to a dangerous flame, and frenzied zeal
Hath armed the meddling hand with sword and
knife.—

But this is the accursed fate of queens,
That when disjoined, the world seems out of joint,
And Furies all discord and hate let loose.

But now no stranger tongue doth mediate,
And we stand face to face. Now, sister, speak!
Yes, sister, speak and name to me my fault,
And I will satisfy your every charge.

O, had you let me speak that time when I
So eagerly did seek your eyes in vain!
It had not gone so far, alas!
And this sad meeting ne'er had taken place.

Elizabeth:

My good star warned me, luckily, in time,
The adder in my bosom not to warm.
Accuse not destiny, but your black heart,
The bold ambition of your house, accuse.

No enmity had e'er between us come
Till your proud uncle, base ambitious priest,
Whose insolent hand toward every crown is
stretched,

Stirred up this feud: deluded you to wear
My arms, and my queen's title to usurp,
And with me wage a bitter strife unto

The death. Whom has he not against me summoned?

The tongues of wily priests and people's swords,—
The pious weapons of fanaticism—

Even now, within my kingdom's peaceful bounds,
The flame of insurrection's blown to me.

But God is with me, and the haughty priest
Is foiled in his attempt. Though at my head
Was aimed the murderous shaft, it falls on yours.

Mary:

I'm in God's hands, and can you boast so cold
And bloodily of your tyrannic power?

Elizabeth:

And what should hinder me? Your uncle gave
A precedent to all the queens of earth,
How one should with his enemies make peace,
In St. Bartholomew I find my school.

Then what to me is blood-relationship
Or people's rights? The church all sacred bonds
Dissolves. I practice only what your priests
Do teach. What surety can you give to me
If I your bonds should generously unloose?
In what stronghold could I your pledge confine
The which St. Peter's keys could not unlock?
My only safety lies in force, for with
The serpent brood no covenant can be made.

Mary:

Oh, this it but a wretched vain distrust!

You ever have but as an enemy
 And stranger looked on me. Had you declared
 Me as your lawful heir, as is my due,
 You had in me a faithful relative
 And friend, in gratitude and love preserved.

Elizabeth:

Your friendships, Lady Stuart, are abroad.
 Your kindred, to the papacy belong.
 The monk your brother is.—And you, my heir
 Declare! The treacherous snare you spread for
 me
 And for my people, a cunning Armida!
 The noble youths of this, my kingdom, you
 With cunning craft have wantonly ensnared,
 That all have turned unto the rising sun.
 And I——

Mary:

Reign thou henceforth in peace, for every
 Claim upon this realm I here renounce.
 Alas! my spirit's wings are rudely clipped.
 No more does greatness lure—You've compassed
 your design.
 I'm but the shadow of my former self.
 My long acquaintance with the prison-cell
 Has crushed my spirit. You've wrought the ut-
 most harm
 On me, destroyed me in my early bloom!
 Then, sister! make an end and speak it out.

Say the word that you have come to say;
For I cannot believe that you have come
Your humble victim cruelly to scorn.
O speak this word! but say to me, "You're free.
You've tasted now my power's extremity,
Now learn my magnanimity to honor."
But say it, and my life and liberty
I'll as a present from your hands receive.

One word makes all as if it ne'er had been.
O speak, and let me not so long await!
Woe be to you should not this word end all!
Are you not come with blessing on your wings,
And like a God from me depart—sister!
O, not for all the wealth of this proud realm
Would I before you, as you before me, stand!

Elizabeth:

Do you confess at last that you are vanquished?
Is your intriguing really over, with no
More murders under way? Will no adventurer
For you his wretched knighthood hazard more?
It's over with you, Lady Stuart, and you'll
Intrigue no more. The world has other cares.
None cares to be your husband number four,
For you your lovers kill as well as husbands.

Mary:

Sister, Sister! O God! God! give me self control!

Elizabeth:

This is the gross indignity, Lord Leicester,
 That no man lets unpunished pass nor would
 Another woman dared arraign me thus.
 'Tis cheap to win such notoriety.
 It little costs to be a universal beauty—to be all
 common,
 No more, indeed, than common be to all.

Mary:

This is too much!

Elizabeth:

Now show us your true face.
 Till now 'twas but a mask.

Mary:

The frailties of humanity and giddy youth—
 For power has dazzled and misguided me—
 I never have denied. Hypocrisy,
 I have with queenly candor still despised.
 The world has known the worst of me and I
 Can say that I am better than report.
 Woe be to you! should once the cloak of honor
 Be removed wherewith you seek to hide
 The wanton pleasures of a riotous life!
 Not chastity have you inherited,
 For 'tis well known for what virtue your mother,
 Anne Boleyn, the bloody scaffold did ascend.

Shrewsbury (stepping between):

O God! and must it come to this! Is this
The moderation, the submissiveness,
Lady Mary?

Mary:

Moderation!

I've borne all any human mortal can.
Begone, thou meek and lamb-like passiveness!
To Heaven flee long suffering forbearance!
Then burst your bonds, break forth long smould'-
ring hate!

And, thou, who to the basilisk its death
Glance gave, lay on my tongue the venom'd shaft.
The throne of England by a bastard is
Profaned; the noble-hearted British folk
By a frivolous, vain buffoon is disgraced.
Did justice reign, you'd lie here at my feet,
Low groveling in the dust,—for I'm your queen.

L'ENVOI

Go forth, to bear a message of good cheer.
Thou must with modest bow the great world greet.
If thou with pleasing thought can charm the ear
Thou mayst a kindly welcome hope to meet.
Speak not in whimsical, newfangled phrase,
That seeks to hide the lack of thought or art,
But speak as did the bards of olden days
The language that will best thy thought impart.
A well turned phrase, with diction choice and pure,
Beauty of thought, in language clear and terse,
Will stand the test of time, longer endure
Than all the vaporous prattlings of freak verse.
Thy task to entertain, tho' small and weak,
Thou must fare forth and for thine own self speak.



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